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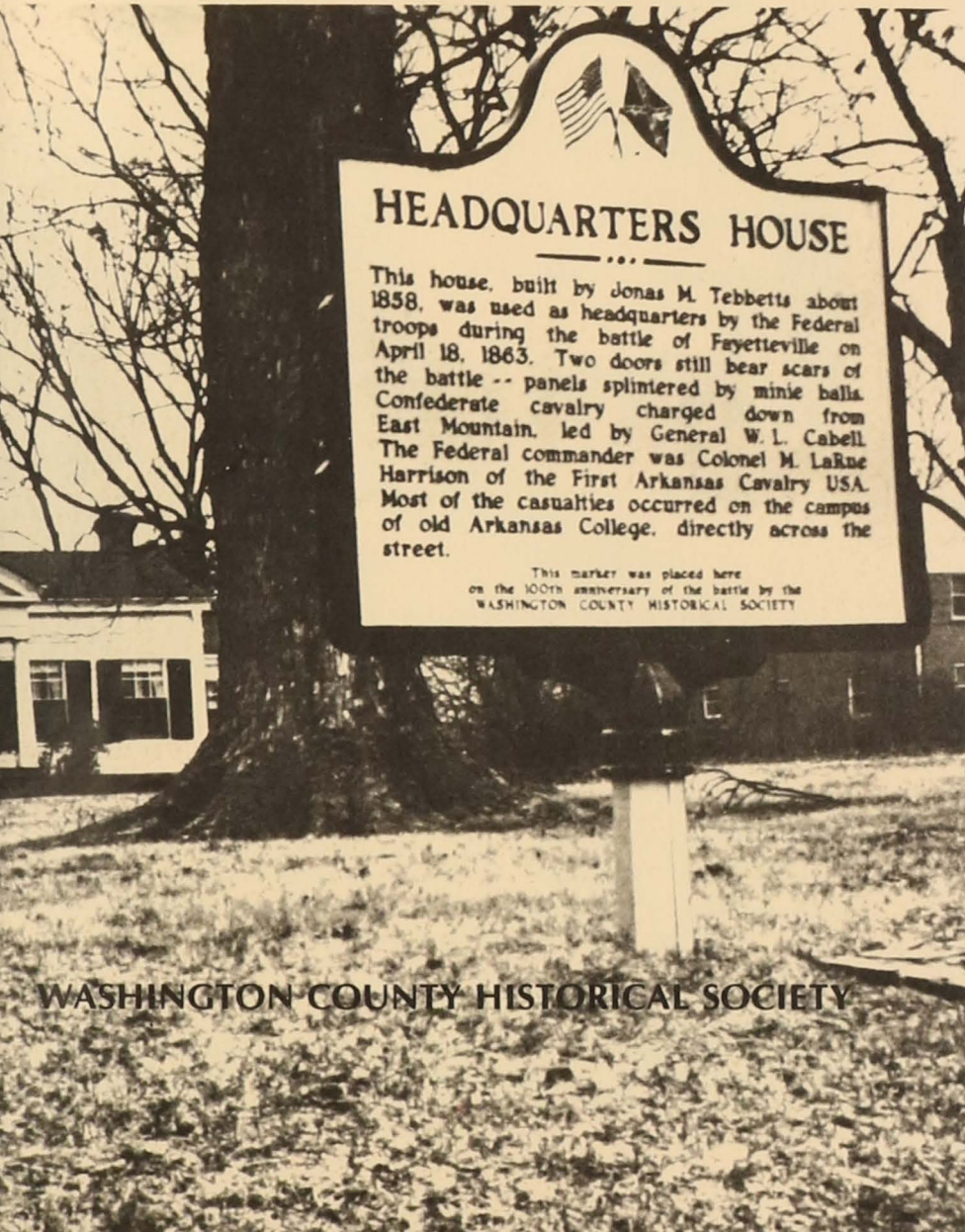
A

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback


HEADQUARTERS HOUSE
This house, built by Jonas M. Tebbetts about 1858, was used as headquarters by the Federal troops during the battle of Fayetteville on April 18, 1863. Two doors still bear scars of the battle -- panels splintered by minie balls. Confederate cavalry charged down from East Mountain, led by General W. L. Cabell. The Federal commander was Colonel M. LaRue Harrison of the First Arkansas Cavalry USA. Most of the casualties occurred on the campus of old Arkansas College, directly across the street.
This marker was placed here on the 100th anniversary of the battle by the WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback

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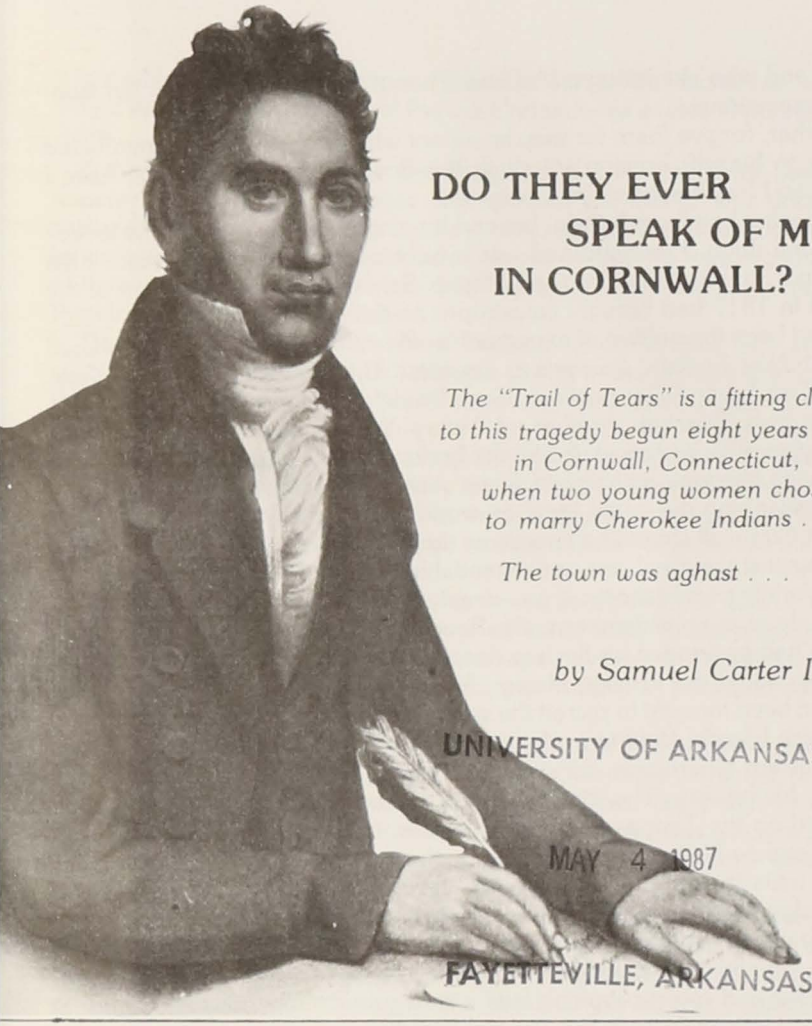

DO THEY EVER SPEAK OF ME IN CORNWALL?

The "Trail of Tears" is a fitting climax to this tragedy begun eight years earlier in Cornwall, Connecticut, when two young women chose to marry Cherokee Indians . . .

The town was aghast . . .

by Samuel Carter III

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

MAY 4 1987

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

John Ridge

It seemed to Harriet Gold as if insanity had gripped Cornwall, Connecticut, and swept it back into the days of Salem witchcraft and the Spanish Inquisition. Up until now she had thought of the small village as a place of sanctuary, folded in the comfort of the Litchfield Hills; and she, only 19 years past her birthdate in October 1808, had been the idol of her family, the fairest and most envied maiden of the town.

Now, with the flames reflected on the ceiling, she watched from the window of her hiding place as the fire consumed her effigy and that of the man she loved not wisely but too well. Her own brother was a leader of that howling mob intent on her destruction. It was he who set the torch to the pyre on the village green. Her sisters and cousins, become strangers in the crowd, were part of the mass hysteria. The townspeople whom she dearly

loved and who she thought had loved her in return had become her symbolic executioners.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," she remembered saying to herself, seeking solace in the Scriptures. "Other refuge have I none, so I helpless hang on Thee."

And what had been her sin, beyond longing to marry the man she loved? Only one thing. Her betrothed was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian: Elias Boudinot, pupil of the Cornwall Mission School. The establishment of the school in 1817 had brought catastrophe to the community.

It had been the noblest of experiments, the culmination of a dream shared by such New England stalwarts as President Timothy Dwight of Yale, Gov. John Treadwell of Connecticut, Gen. Daniel Brinsmade of the Assembly, and Lyman Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher and a leading theologian of Connecticut. It had the backing of the dynamic Boston Board of Foreign Missions, established seven years before with the impetuous goal of Christianizing the entire heathen world within a decade!

That Cornwall should be chosen as the "Outpost of the Kingdom" in this drive against the devil was understandable. It was sequestered and remote from worldly provocations; it was deeply steeped in Puritan tradition; and, not the least of considerations, the Reverend Timothy Stone of Cornwall's church had persuaded his flock to donate a two-story building on the village green to house the Foreign Mission School.

It had been thought to recruit the student-disciples from Polynesia and the Sandwich Islands. But then, why not the American aborigines as well — the southeastern Cherokees, for example, leaving the western Indians to the upstart Methodists. The Boston Board already had a mission school at Brainerd on the Tennessee-Georgia border, in the northwestern corner of the Cherokee Nation. And its New England staff had discovered extraordinary traits in the Cherokee youth; an inordinate curiosity and love of knowledge, and a capacity to learn that often embarrassed their tutors.

So Brainerd became a logical source of Cherokee pupils for the Cornwall school. One by one, starting in 1818, they began arriving, bronze-skinned, handsome and athletic-looking lads with a proud, imperious carriage that contrasted strangely with the Puritan humility and modest bearing of the youths of Cornwall. Almost all bore English names — John Ridge, David Brown, James Fields, Leonard Hicks, John Vann, and the like — names adopted for convenience or given them by white beneficiaries who found difficulty mastering such Indian names as *Nunnatsunega* and *Tsiyu-gunsini*. Elias Boudinot, born *Galagina*, had respectfully stolen his name from the President of the American Bible Society, and would in time outshine the reputation of his namesake.

Almost all the Indian students spoke perfect English, for the Cherokees were natural linguists. In fact, members of the American Board had abandoned their efforts to create a Cherokee alphabet by which to translate the Bible in the native tongue. A half-breed called Gist or Guess, with the Indian name *Sequoyah*, had beat them to it; he had created an alphabet and written language for the Cherokees which many could master in a single day —

a feat which American statesman Albert Gallatin called "incredible" and the Board itself proclaimed "one of the most remarkable events in the history of mind . . . "

If the prudent housewives and burghers of Cornwall were pleasantly reassured to find these savages well-spoken, mannerly, and dressed in civilized clothing like themselves, they were nonetheless strangely troubled by their presence. They had expected servile underlings, coming gratefully to their community, eager to ape their superiors' ways and conform to the Puritan ethics of their benefactors.

The Cherokees took to the New England school routine with zest and seemed often to outshine their teachers. Living in the upstairs dormitory of the schoolhouse or with families in the town, they treated their hosts with frank, polite equality. Their talk was not of Indian scalpings, life in the wilderness, of savage feats of bravery, but of national affairs in Washington, the state of politics in Georgia, the curious contradictions of democracy. If they asked questions, as they did in their avidity for knowledge, the questions were sometimes embarrassingly hard to answer, often above the heads of their supposedly erudite hosts.

Yes, the town began to realize, this would be a period of difficult adjustment. It would call for tolerance — not a Puritan forte. Racial prejudice was not a recognized phenomenon, but perhaps nowhere in American history did Indian concepts clash more sharply with the principle of white supremacy.

It was a gap more difficult to bridge when Cornwall's elders saw their daughters, destined for Yale-bred husbands, strongly attracted to these bronze-skinned visitors and obviously partial to their company. In nearby Litchfield, Isaiah Bunce, editor of the *American Eagle*, was quick to protest that Cornwall maidens were seen walking arm-in-arm with escorts of another color. "Outrageous!" Bunce declared.

The school had rules to discourage this proclivity. The students were not supposed to leave the grounds or fraternize with young girls of the village. But the "campus" was expansive, all of a hundred acres; and who could prevent a couple from meeting in the hemlock groves that bordered Coltsfoot Mountain, where overprotected maidens thrilled to their escorts' tales of life in a free Indian society?

And when the Foreign Mission School invited the townsfolk to an exhibition by its scholars — ah! there was an event. The young men were so orderly arrayed, so perfect in composure and deportment, reciting the Iliad in Greek, singing together in cathedral tones, presenting verses from the Scriptures like deep voices reading Shakespeare. From a center row, Eunice Wadsworth or Ellen Gibbs — it is not quite certain which — left her impressions of that exhibition:

"The Indian pupils appeared so graceful and genteel on the stage that the white pupils seemed uncouth beside them." Of young John Ridge, who arrested her attention, she observed, "John was a noble youth, beautiful in appearance, very graceful, a perfect gentleman everywhere."

John, son of a Cherokee chieftain called "The Ridge" — so named

because one who walks on ridges can see farther than his fellows — had been among the first to arrive in Cornwall, along with his cousin Elias Boudinot.

Early in his Cornwall days John suffered a relapse of a childhood hip disease, and was moved from the dormitory to be cared for at the home of John B. Northrup, steward of the school. All was congenial, and John was soon able to get about on crutches. But when the steward's blonde and beautiful teenage daughter Sarah informed her parents that she loved their guest and aimed to marry him, the Northrups felt that hospitality had gone too far. They sent Sarah to her grandparents in New Haven to get over the attachment.

The magnetic attraction of Cherokee youths for Cornwall maidens was stronger than anticipated. In three months the blue-eyed Sarah had returned to Cornwall on her own. The Northrups resorted to gentler measures. They suggested that John return to the Cherokee Nation, at least until he could discard his crutches, and let the matter of marriage ride awhile.

The following winter a resplendent coach, with a team of four white horses and slave in livery, arrived at Cornwall. In it sat The Ridge, white-haired and regal, in lace vest and satin-collared greatcoat. Beside him was John, restored to ruddy health and returning to claim his bride and take her back to the home he had built adjoining his father's plantation on Georgia's Oostanaula River.

Undoubtedly The Ridge's aristocratic bearing — familiar to cabinet members and diplomats in Washington where the Indian Question was under debate — helped to win the Northrups over. It was easy to envision Sarah living as an Indian princess, wearing silks and laces, attended by a horde of slaves. The couple were married with the family's consent; but not with the sanction of an outraged town. After the wedding, according to one observer, "Ridge came near to being mobbed," but escaped in the coach-and-four and raced south with his bride.

As Cornwall fumed like a festering volcano, Isaiah Bunce was impishly delighted to have found a target for his *Eagle* editorials. He depicted Cornwall as a hotbed of miscegenation and fostered the rumor that other such alliances were pending.

A group of fair-minded residents, calling themselves the "Bachelors of Cornwall Valley," took a more gallant view of the affair. They wrote to Bunce that they would take their chances with the Indians and that all was fair in love and war. They did not consider themselves "eclipsed by the intervention of these tawny rivals."

In Boston, however, the Board of Foreign Missions was less indulgent. Financial support for the Cornwall school was jeopardized by reports of the affair, and the Board itself felt somewhat tarnished. The Cornwall authorities were warned that further mixed marriages would not be tolerated.

Then a second bomb exploded. Harriet Gold, 19-year-old daughter of Deacon Benjamin Gold and described as "one of the fairest, most cultured young ladies of the town," told her parents she intended marrying John's

handsome cousin, Elias Boudinot. The deacon and his wife were duly horrified.

Above all, this horrible decision, however it might be resolved, must be kept secret. It was agreed at last that the matter would be held in abeyance while Elias went north to continue his studies at Andover, Massachusetts, Theological Seminary. Perhaps the delay and separation might work better than it did with Sarah Northrup.

It didn't. In Elias' absence Harriet wasted away from an acute attack of melancholy. An uncle, Dr. Samuel Gold, prescribed for the patient but knew no nostrums for a lovesick heart. Deacon Gold resolved to act. He wrote to Elias Boudinot, forbidding the marriage and urging that he and Harriet submit to the decision. The letter was held up in transit. Perhaps the delay was just as well, for by this time Harriet's illness had pushed her, according to her sister Mary, "to the brink of death."

Faced with this threat the deacon and his wife surrendered. They were fighting, they concluded, "against God's will." A second letter was dispatched to Boudinot agreeing to the marriage. Informed of their submission Harriet recovered with amazing speed, while Deacon Gold braced himself for the storm of fury he would shortly have to weather. He had not long to wait. As March crocuses defied the final snows of winter, Elias Boudinot, his Andover doctorate behind him, was ready to return. The secret could no longer be contained. The banns were posted.

If Sarah's defection had aroused a hornets' nest of fury, this new blow was like the blast of a volcano. The Mission School Board reportedly "turned as white as sheets" on hearing the news, and Daniel Brinsmade of the General Assembly vowed to thwart "Harriet's craftiness." Poison-pen letters rained upon the deacon's home. Her pious brother-in-law, the Reverend Herman Vaill, wrote a 5000-word letter declaring that her sin would "injure the work of the missions and the churches generally . . . more of the heathen will be lost."

Lyman Beecher mounted his horse and galloped from New Haven to urge Cornwall citizens to rise and crush this serpent in their midst. Mass meetings assembled and reassembled to denounce the couple. Residents vowed that if Boudinot came back to Cornwall he would never leave the town alive, and Harriet's older brother Stephen pledged himself to murder the bridegroom when and if he reappeared.

That Sunday the Reverend Timothy Stone, pastor of the Cornwall church, requested that the ladies of the choir, to which Harriet had once belonged, wear black crepe armbands for their wayward sister. The preacher further ordered that the church bells toll throughout the night, "bespeaking the departure of a soul." And just as town criers summoned the mob to witness the execution of a Salem witch, the tolling bells called residents to the village green to witness the symbolic burning of the sinners.

Fearing for his daughter's safety the Deacon took Harriet by night to the home of a friend where she remained in hiding. It was from this refuge that she saw herself and Elias consumed in flames, a scene that she would never forget and of which she later noted:

"The church bell began to toll and brother Stephen set fire to the barrel of tar which started the funeral pile. The flames rose high, and the smoke ascended — some said it reminded them of the smoke of their torment. My heart truly sang with anguish at the dreadful scene."

This manifestation of town hostility precluded any formal wedding for the couple. For that matter, Timothy Stone forbade the use of his church for such a ceremony. At the time, his flock agreed. They would pray for Harriet's lost soul — the women at any rate, the men insisted on outright damnation — but that was all that Puritan religion would allow.

Elias Boudinot returned to Cornwall, quietly but not cravenly, some time before March 28, 1826. On that date he and Harriet were secretly married in the Gold home by a minister brought in from Goshen. A few of the close family were present, but not Stephen. The wedding was timed for an hour when Harriet's brother would be working at the local sawmill.

After the ceremony and still fearing violence, the Golds drove Harriet and Elias to Washington, Connecticut, where they hired a gig for the long trek south to Georgia. Seemingly, they were leaving behind a community all but torn apart by feelings of hatred and thwarted vengeance. But such emotions have a habit of recoiling on themselves. As the weeks went by, repentance crept upon the village, perhaps induced by a sense of guilt or a reawakened sense of justice.

Timothy Stone, who had fostered so much anger at the marriage, found himself discredited and two months afterward was driven from his church by a resentful congregation. Lyman Beecher left Connecticut altogether for a pastorate in Massachusetts. Of still greater significance, the Mission School closed its doors in the face of public antipathy and waning contributions.

And what of Harriet and Sarah? By the time Boudinot's wife reached the Cherokee Nation, Sarah Northrup was settled on John's estate in Georgia which bore the musical name of *Tantatarata* or "Running Waters." It was not far different from her parents' fantasies. There were silks on her shoulders and silver candelabra in the mansion; there were peacocks on the lawn, a gilded coach to ride in and a host of slaves to wait upon her. While Harriet and Elias did not immediately join the Ridges, stopping first at Brainerd Mission farther north, strange forces were at work to bring them fatefully together.

Sequoyah was behind it all. He had taken the sounds of singing birds and babbling brooks and the musical syllables of the Cherokees and shaped them into an 86-character alphabet — to form the first written Indian language in North American history.

In a matter of months the Cherokee Nation had a written constitution based on that of the United States, and had created a bicameral government with democratically elected chiefs and legislators. They possessed written laws as civilized as any in the human family of nations. They established a Supreme Court 20 years before the neighboring state of Georgia; laid plans for a National Academy for higher education; and raised funds for the first and only Indian-language newspaper, *The Cherokee Phoenix*, to be printed in Sequoyah's alphabet on foundry type and press sent down from Boston.

It was the press that brought Sarah and Harriet together again. Because of Boudinot's mastery of languages at Cornwall and Andover, he was a logical choice for editor of the *Phoenix*. Elias moved his new wife to the Nation's little capital at New Echota, saw to the construction of the print shop, and built a two-story, balconied home next door to that of Samuel Worcester of Massachusetts, lately arrived on assignment from the Board of Foreign Missions.

Harriet's life was closer to Indian reality than that of Sarah's. The word "squaw" was never used by Cherokees, but her work load was tremendous. She had married not just Elias but, by custom, the entire family. She was sister, aunt, cousin to dozens of related young and old, feeding and lodging and caring for as many as 20 at a time.

Yet she never complained, writing to her sister Flora that she loved them all and believed they loved her in return; and adding regarding her ordeal in Cornwall, "I remember the trials I had to encounter — the thorny path I had to trod, the bitter cup I had to drink — but a consciousness of doing right, a kind and affectionate, devoted husband, have made amends for all."

Sometimes she longed for the peace and comfort of the Litchfield Hills — "Do they ever speak of me in Cornwall?" she asked another sister, Mary. Yet she was able to write, "I have entered upon the sober realities of married life, and if tears have been shed for me on that account, I now pronounce them useless tears."

It was not long before John and Sarah joined the Boudinots at New Echota. John was rising fast in the Cherokee hierarchy, becoming President of the National Council, or upper house, and moving to the capital to be closer to his obligations. Here the two families lived almost side by side, creating on this field a little corner of New England.

And something else that they became aware of. As at Cornwall, over their heads a cloud was growing, taking on the dark dimensions of a thunderhead.

It was a cloud that was born of the white man's avarice and envy, and it spread from the east coast clear across the Mississippi. The southern states on which the Cherokee Nation encroached — principally Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama — wanted no part of these presumptuous savages who had no right to the land where they had lived for centuries. Their civilized pretensions were an affront to white supremacy. And when gold was discovered in the Georgia section of the Nation, a compelling bit of doggerel swept the South: *All I want in this creation / Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation / Way up yonder in the Cherokee Nation.*

The Cherokees' battle with Georgia against illegal seizure of their lands, and with Andrew Jackson's administration against removal to the west, is another story in itself. Suffice it to note that the New England missionaries such as those at Brainerd rallied to their finest hour, battling to save the Nation, forcing the issue into the United States Supreme Court, and going to jail, as did Samuel Worcester, for their principles of justice for the Cherokees.

For Sarah and Harriet, however, caught in the middle of this conflict,

there were tragic consequences. Perhaps the Cornwall-trained Boudinot and Ridge, from first-hand acquaintance with the white man's methods, saw the issue with more realistic clarity than did their fellows. While three-fourths (some said nine-tenths) of the Cherokees chose to remain in their ancestral lands and resist, by force if necessary, removal to the west, John and Elias advocated that the Indians should go — and for their own good, even their survival. There was no future in the shadow of the white man. "Fly . . . fly for your lives," cried Elias in near despair.

Then both took a fatal step. Forming a small minority party they met secretly with Jackson's agent, John F. Schermerhorn, in December 1835 to draft a treaty of removal to the west. The meeting took place in Boudinot's home and Elias confessed to Harriet that liquid refreshment was served from time to time. Perhaps they needed the Dutch courage. John's father, The Ridge, was among the group and as he put his mark to the agreement, "I have signed my death warrant," he told those around him. The same could have been said for Elias and John.

Perhaps it is just as well that Harriet died with the birth of her sixth child before Elias Boudinot and John Ridge followed "The Trail of Tears" to Oklahoma territory. She was spared a far greater ordeal than she had faced at Cornwall. For her husband and John were regarded by the Cherokees as traitors who had betrayed the Nation to its enemies. Though both hoped to rebuild the Nation in the west, John by political means and Elias through a revived and renamed version of the *Phoenix*, each bore the mark of Cain.

Elias was erecting a new home in Oklahoma next to that of Samuel Worcester when the men arrived. As he turned to greet them, one stabbed him through the heart and another hacked at his head with a tomahawk, cleaving his skull in seven places. Rushing to his rescue Samuel Worcester arrived only in time to speak an anguished eulogy over the corpse. "I have lost my right arm," he said.

Early that morning another band of Cherokees crashed into Ridge's home and dragged John from the bed he shared with Sarah. Out in the yard John was stabbed 25 times, his throat cut, and the body symbolically stamped upon by his assassins. Sarah was witness to the scene, "with hands clasped in speechless agony" her son remembered. She was still speechless when the news arrived that her father-in-law, The Ridge, had also been murdered not far distant from the home.

Sarah never returned to Cornwall with her shattered dreams. Perhaps she was loath to face a community that had so eagerly forecast her doom and saw that doom now fully realized. She and her children moved from the site of the tragedy to Fayetteville, Arkansas, where she opened a boarding house for alienated homeless strangers like herself. Perhaps it is kindest to leave her there with the remembered vision of a handsome bronze-skinned youth who had captured her heart in a Cornwall springtime 15 years before.

The Mission School is long gone, dismantled to provide bricks and timbers for more prosaic habitations. Only a small plaque marks the site and it is difficult to find. The name Gold still survives in Cornwall, a distinguished one, but there are no more Northrups beyond those that live in memory.

And the story of Harriet and Sarah carries no moral for a younger generation. It survives, if at all, in the ballad of a Cornwall poetess named Emily Fox, whose "Indian Song of Sarah and John," presumably written at the time, contained such freely-rhymed verses as:

Come all young maids I pray take care
How Indians draw you into a snare,
For if they do I fear it will be
As it is with our fair Sarah.

To which an anonymous lyricist, prompted by subsequent events, added the couplet:

And all the bells of Cornwall tolled
Over the loss of Harriet Gold.

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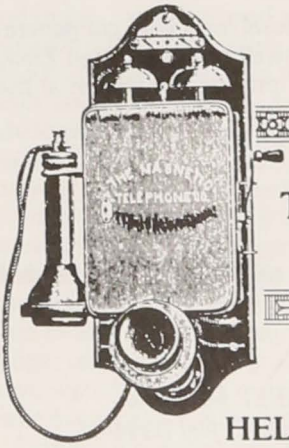
Excerpt from
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANN JAMES
Piano Teacher with Sophia Sawyer's Female Seminary

. . . There was a German family (Freyschlag) then living in Fayetteville, the mother and older members of which had been thoroughly educated in Germany, and had long wished to be employed in Miss S's school. They were equal to the task as far as teaching was concerned, for there was no breaking through place to their education. The mother, an old lady, would take a seat at the piano in dishabille, disheveled hair, bare arms and feet, and play skillfully page after page of operatic music for the entertainment of her callers. The daughters were the milliners, dressmakers, corset-makers, old umbrella menders, and in fact, did everything that would bring in money, even to assisting their father, who was a distiller. They were jolly and fun-loving, could be heard at a distance, playing secular music, and laughing loud on Sunday as on any other day. They made no profession of religion, and would encourage the young people of the town to dance, etc., which of course pleased the girls, if not the teachers. They were not popular with the parents, who had always been opposed to them as teachers of their children, but now it was the best thing that could be done, so they were employed, one to teach music, another to teach drawing. The brothers would come in and accompany the music class with their flutes and violins, then they told Miss S. that they could not only tune the pianos, but if they were broken could mend them, so that she became perfectly charmed with the arrangement and by the time I was able to teach again, she had become afraid of dismissing them for fear they would secure the town girls as pupils, for they were already giving them extra lessons out of school hours and inviting them to cotillion parties, etc., etc., so she had good reason to fear.



THERE AND BACK AGAIN

by David M. Greer

HELLO CENTRAL

The telephone was commonplace in the country in those days; but it was not the telephone service we have today. The wires were strung along our roads, as today, and they sang or hummed in the wind. The wires were of bare iron, and were supported by white porcelain insulators. And everybody along a road was on the same line until the line reached "central."

The telephone itself was mounted on the wall, in the living room. You have seen pictures, or probably old telephones for sale in antique fairs. There was a crank on the side, which you turned briskly making every 'phone along the line ring. Everyone on the line had a coded ring: ours was a long and two shorts, Mrs. Henderson, two longs; Charlie Thomason, a short and a long. We could call anyone on our line — there might be eight or more houses — this way. If we wanted someone on another line — say, the line from Cincinnatti to Summers — then we had to call "Central", with one long hearty ring. She would ring the other party to make the connection. If we wanted to make a long distance call, we really put Central to work. At times it took her half an hour or more to put a call through to Fort Smith.

Remember, every line was a party line. Consequently, every phone call was a public conversation. There was no television, no radio, so listening to other people's conversations was, for some of our neighbors, a regular normal entertainment.

However, each receiver that was picked up along the line introduced more resistance into the line. This reduced the sound to all of the other receivers that were off the hook. Sometimes so many people got in on the entertainment that nobody could hear anything. It was a problem getting our friendly eavesdroppers to hang up without offending anyone. Dad was very direct about it. I remember hearing him shout "Mrs. Henderson would you **please** hang up? This is a long distance call, We can't hear a thing!" — Click! — then, after the click from Mrs. H., "Now Mrs. Ingram, we still can't hear. Will you please hang up too?" Click! Click! Sometimes, after two or three such requests, everyone might hang up, and the line would clear. So

we could talk to Grandfather in Fort Smith. Always there was the knowledge that one or more of the neighbors were still listening in.

The telephone system was the same until we moved into town in 1921. There, to call anyone, near or far, you had to get "Central" first.

A CREATURE OF HABIT

Blackie was a good dog, but no dog lasts forever. Blackie got old, and one day he came home limping, with one leg all swollen up, and panting, the next morning he was swollen all over, and dead. I guess he tangled with a cottonmouth down on the creek, or maybe a copperhead over by the apple drier. We buried him under the mulberry tree out back of the garden, we got another dog.

He was just a pup. Harry Chick, over near Wedington Gap, had a shepherd bitch with pups, and gave us one. He was half grown and clumsy, in a puppy way. He just loved the tar out of all of us; the cat; Toby, the gray mule colt; Nancy, the buggy mare; and even the banty rooster. He went everywhere Lewis and I went, frolicking ahead and racing back. Every so often he'd do a side foray to pounce on Graymalkin, the cat, as she stalked with dignity a parallel course pretending she didn't know us. (Mother got the Graymalkin name out of some book — I forget what.)

One day Dad explained, "Now boys, that dog is not just a playmate. Harvy claims his mother is a good cattle dog. Let's you two start training him." We began. Shep had been going with us to round up the six milk cows (he loved them, too), before milking time every evening, so now with a "sic'em!", a "hep!", and a "good dog!" at appropriate times, we got him to understand that he had a real part in the operation. In fact, he soon did all of the work. As Lewis and I strolled down the lane, he raced ahead, before we had reached the pasture, he came with the cows, the calves, Toby, Nancy, and any other livestock in the pasture. Shep was thorough and enthusiastic.

Then Lewis and I hit on a labor-saving device. We just went in the barnyard and said, "Shep let's go get the cows." He was off running, to come back in due time for a pat on the head with a congratulating "good dog!" He loved the responsibility — and the reward. We liked the freedom from one chore.

But not long after we'd taught Shep to be a herd dog, the milk production began to drop off. In a few days with no improvement, Mother, who normally paid the barnyard no attention during the day, with the boys at school and Dad in the orchard, decided to check for a clue. At evening milking time she came out to the barn to state, "Do you know what that dog did? He borught the cows home at ten this morning, at one this afternoon, and again at four, and now at milking time. No wonder the milk is off. The poor things haven't had a chance to graze. Each time he came to the back door, barked, and wagged his tail. He was asking for praise — but I couldn't praise him for that."

Dad looked grim. How do you unteach a dog? We tried over the weekend, but on school days, Shep kept to his schedule. One of the cows went dry. Something had to be done. Dad stared at Shep. Mother said

"Dane! You can't! He loves us, and we love him — sometimes."

Dad consoled, "Never mind. I'll think of something!" The next Saturday he put Shep in the wagon and set off for Fayetteville, a full twenty miles away. The following day he came back without Shep.

Mother asked, "Dane, what did you do? What **could** you do? I hope you didn't — ."

Dad grinned. "It wasn't hard, I just kept going until I passed a house where no dog came out and there were no cows. I stopped there and asked for a drink of water. Somehow the conversation got around to Shep and how he was trained to bring home the cows, but I was going to have to get rid of him because we had one more dog than we could afford to keep. I took him out of the wagon, and he just loved those people, so one thing led to another. I know where we can get a dog that doesn't like cows."

Mother asked, "What if Shep comes home? Dogs can, you know. And what if they bring him home when they find out how good a herd dog he is?"

"He'll never get across the Illinois River. And I don't think they will bring him here. Their name was on the mailbox as Beenkins. They live way over by Prairie Grove. I sort of mumbled when introducing myself. I wouldn't be surprised if they can't remember my name at all."

"I hope their neighbors have no cows," said Mother.

THE CHICKEN GAME

Sometimes the strictures put on our self-entertainment seemed downright unreasonable. We thought up the scenarios ourselves. We implemented them. They kept us busy and entertained most of the day, but like practically everything a small boy does, they were learning experiences.

For instance, Sunday afternoons required some special thought on our part, especially if the Preacher had come home with us after church, was staying for dinner, plus an afternoon visit. This visit imposed a different set of constraints for Lewis and me.

No romping through the house while grown-ups were talking. (This was really no strain. We didn't want to be under the noses of Sunday-mood adults anyway.) No changing from Sunday School clothes to overalls, no leaving off shoes and stockings until the Preacher had gone. (Why not? Goodness knows, he had seen barefoot, overalled boys before!)

No going down to the creek (where we would certainly get our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes dirty).

So it was up to us to find something to do (a small boy has to **do**, he can't just **be**) that could be done right at the house, would be quiet, and might be fun. One afternoon we invented the chicken game, to play in the back yard while our elders were sitting on the front porch talking about nothing interesting.

There was a clothes line running across the back yard from the fence to the big walnut tree. The chickens had the run of the yard. Chickens like corn. Put these three facts together and—with a little ingenuity—you get the chicken game.

First you go to the barn and obtain a handful of corn. Then you return to the yard, sit down on the kitchen steps, take out your trusty pocket knife, by using the blade that was designed for making holes in harness leather you bore holes in three grains of corn. Next you take three pieces of string thread each one through a hole, and tie it to the corn. (A small boy always had string in his pocket. It was as much a part of his dress as the knife.)

Now to the clothes line to tie the three pieces of string so the corn grains hang as high off the ground as a hen's eye. Sit down again, throw the rest of the corn on the ground, and call briefly "Chick, chick, chick" as Mother does when she feeds. Some of them will come a-running.

First they clean up the grains on the ground. Soon one of the hens will spy a hanging grain of corn. She will look it over, cocking her head first one way, now the other. She proceeds to draw back her beak, peck, gulp, and stand there a moment realizing something is wrong but she doesn't know what.

As she marches away, the string tightens, the clothes line comes under tension, the hen slows to a stop. Suddenly out pops the grain of corn, right back where it started. She turns around, runs right back after it, looking bewildered, annoyed, and determined. The process is repeated unless another hen snatches the kernel first.

Take about ten hens and three suspended grains of corn, you have quite a circus. Enough to last until the Preacher leaves and Mother comes to see what's so funny.

Mother exclaimed, "The idea! You boys should be ashamed of yourselves."

I explained, "But Mother, they liked it!"

I'm not really sure they liked **all** of it. But Lewis and I surely did.

This was just another good thing on the list we weren't to do any more.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

When we came back from New Zealand in 1910 ("back" for Mother and Dad, but first time for Lewis and me), all of our belongings followed in due time, and reached us in Fort Smith before we moved to the farm. All, that is, except for a box of books that just disappeared, that couldn't be traced.

In 1921, when our farm days were over and we had moved to town, the box of books arrived by railway freight—no explanations. They just came, and were received with delight. Where had they been for eleven years? In the corner of a warehouse in Whangarei or Aukland? In the hold of a freighter, wandering the seven seas? We never knew.

In 1928 when I went out to Stanford to start my Junior year in engineering, Dad gave me the address of a widow lady in San Francisco who had been a classmate when he was at Stanford. He suggested that if I would telephone her, she would probably like to show me something of the city. So, after I had settled down in my room on the campus, I called her. She invited me to dinner and I found myself a guest at a small dinner party, after which she told this story:

"One day in 1921," she said, "I was on a cable car in downtown San

Francisco, when two young men got on and sat down in the seat in front of me. One of them said to the other, 'Why so late today, Joe? You are usually home before this.' Joe shrugged. 'I've spent most of today, and part of yesterday, trying to find a man whose address has been worn off the box, in a shipment from abroad. I've gone through every directory for the Bay Region, and I can't find him.'

'What's his name?' asked Joe. 'Dane M. Greer,' said the other, 'and the shipment comes from Whangarei, New Zealand.'

"I leaned forward and tapped Joe on the shoulder," Mrs. Baker said. "Young man, I told him, his address is RFD 3, Summers, Arkansas."

Yes, it's a small world.

FAREWELL TO RENNICK SCHOOL

Rennick was not a good school by modern standards; nor even by the standards of 1920. But it didn't seem substandard to us. Of course it had only one teacher for eight grades. How many teachers do you need for 22 pupils? The school building seemed adequate: the roof didn't leak; there were enough desks for everybody; the big wood stove kept the single room warm on the coldest days; and we even had a real blackboard, not just painted boards like the school over at Rhea's Mill. And the facilities were good: the spring was only about 200 feet from the schoolhouse, and the two outhouses had been rebuilt after last Halloween, and were sturdy and private, as good as any of us had at home. And the teacher was competent and interested. What more could we ask?

We even had a library: an apple box nailed up on the north wall, half-filled with books. I read everything in it — *Pilgrim's Progress* was the hardest reading, but *Little Women* and *Five Little Peppers* were pure delight. There was one frustration — there was a book called *The Princess and the Goblins* that I started to read and liked; but the last half of the book was missing. I never found how it turned out until forty years later, when I saw a complete copy of the book on a table at the annual College Women's Book Sale in Montclair, New Jersey. For 25¢ I filled a hole in my education.

In those days, instruction in grammar involved analyzing sentences, and diagramming them on the blackboard; learning what made a dependent clause; learning when to use a comma, when a semicolon. I had always liked language, so this was easy for me. The teacher must have liked the subject too: she taught me well and with evident pleasure. I wonder if they teach such things now. The kind of writing I used to find in my engineer-employees' reports, in the years later, has led me to doubt it.

This was the year that someone — I suppose it was the State Board of Education — decided that Algebra should be introduced in the eighth grade. The teacher had never been exposed to the subject, so we ordered two books, and worked it out together. It was fun! Another assignment of that school year involved the 1920 Census, which was in print before the spring of 1921. My assignment was to write to the Bureau of the Census in Washington, and ask for a copy for Rennick School. I didn't believe — couldn't believe — that a Bureau of the U.S. Government would pay any

attention to a schoolboy's request; but I wrote, and it came in the mail. I felt twice as tall. I remember that the report showed the country's population to be somewhere about 120 million — about half what it is now.

Also, toward the end of the school year, there was a County-wide scholastic contest, held in Fayetteville, the County Seat. By this time, we had a Ford truck on our farm, and Dad offered to take us there and back, all Rennick pupils who wanted to enter the various competitions. Six of us went. Competition was by grade, so of course I was the sole entrant from our eighth grade. Dad supervised our entries, and when I asked him what he had entered me in, he said "everything," which suited me fine.

The contests were fun: multiplication; division; addition; square roots; cancellation; spelling; diagraming sentences; and last, reading. I was eager for it. I knew I was a good reader. The first contestant came up to the lectern. Reading? No! He started reciting the Gettysburg Address. And Dad and I realized simultaneously that it wasn't a reading contest at all: it was a contest in the delivery of memorized speeches, poems, etc. — called "readings" by local custom. Dad got up and withdrew my name quickly, and just in time.

The Rennick School contingent went home happy, with a respectable number of second and third places. It was a good day, and the end of a good year.

That Summer we moved to Siloam Springs; and in the Fall I entered High School. Farewell to Rennick School; I became a City Boy.

RADIO - 1921

I'm not sure what got me thinking about building a radio set (we called it "wireless" in 1921); but it was probably something I read in *Boys' Life* or *American Boy*. At first, the idea was to build a "spark" transmitter for Morse code, with a galena crystal receiver; but this was just a daydream, while I collected plans, wiring diagrams, old batteries (worn-out "Hot-shots" from Model T Fords), a burned-out magneto from a telephone, and other such goodies.

When we moved from the farm to Siloam Springs in 1921, I found other boys my age who were interested in the same thing. We traded batteries, copper wire, insulators, and even galena crystals which had somehow found their way into juvenile trade channels from the lead mines up at Galena, Kansas.

Before any of us built a wireless telegraph set, we built ourselves wired telegraph sets, learned Morse code from the Boy Scout Manual, and strung wires, sometimes from house to house, in my case from house to our garage. Copper wire was easy to get. We unwound it from discarded telephone magnetos, or Model T spark coils. Telegraph keys were improvised from Erector set parts (really too-soft iron) or with spring-steel strips from ladies' corsets (if Mother or Grandmother could not contribute there was always the town dump). For the telegraph receiver — the "clicker" we called it — we wound a magnet with enameled wire from an old magneto, on a 20-penny nail as a core, and used a spring-steel corset stay as the mov-

ing part. It wasn't much good because the spring steel quickly became permanently magnetized. Thus it stuck in the "down" position after the first few clicks. We soon learned to heat the spring steel strips first, making them less prone to permanent magnetism.

Batteries we got by watching the trash bin behind the telephone company building. If you take a discarded dry cell, punch its sides full of nail holes, and set it in a vessel filled with a mixture of vinegar and water, it will come alive again — for a while. These operated our telegraph sets nicely. We soon learned to make our "click-click" telegraph instruments into buzzers, so that we could use Morse code instead of the old telegraph "clickety-click" code which we found difficult and considered obsolete.

It didn't take us long — maybe six months — to exhaust our interest in telegraphy, and impel us to move on to "wireless." This took more battery power and more homemade equipment, and though we kept salvaging usable parts and materials, only one of the four or five boys who were caught up in this hobby ever completed a usable "wireless" transmitter (a "spark" transmitter, like those used on shipboard). The builder was Clarence Treadwell. His transmitter was a marvel to all of us.

However, about this time radio broadcasting, as we know it now, was appearing in our lives. There were at least two magazines devoted to it. I remember *Radio News* for one. I could buy them at the news stand; and every issue had plans for receivers — some to be built from manufactured parts, but many from home-made tuning coils, variable condensers, switches.

The first of these radio receivers required a heavy lead-acid battery (like today's automobile batteries) to heat the filament of the vacuum tubes just coming into use. It was an investment out of the reach of a small boy, as well the vacuum tubes themselves. But, in the radio magazines there was a small advertisement running in every issue. Someone (I think Lambert was the name) advertised plans for a long-distance crystal set for one dollar. We were 225 miles from the nearest broadcast station at Kansas City. It was common knowledge that crystal sets were only for local use. Here was, perhaps, a real opportunity. A practical radio "set" that we could make, with nothing to buy but a headset, insulated wire, knobs, switch points, etc. - no batteries, no vacuum tubes. Two or three of us sent off the dollar. By this time my family had moved to Bentonville.

The plans came. At first they were a disappointment. They included a wiring diagram—essentially the same circuit that some of us had tried, and got — nothing! But the instructions that went with the diagram were new:

(1) Put your antenna (we called it aerial) as high as possible — between tops of the highest trees if possible.

(2) Make your lead-in as short as possible.

(3) For all insulators — at aerial, and where it enters the house, use glass, or ceramic, or quartz if you can get it. *Do not* bring the lead-in just as a wire with a window slammed down on it (a common practice)!

(4) For ground connection, use a metal pipe or rod (copper if possible) driven well into the ground; and keep the ground around it wet.

(5) Solder *all* connections.

It was worth the dollar. Soon after we — the radio-bugs in Bentonville

High — began receiving these plans, I got an excited telephone call from Reyburn Jacobs, "Come on over! I've got Havana, Cuba!" One thousand miles on a crystal set!

It was about that time that someone — I think it was Westinghouse — came out with the WD-11 vacuum tube; price $7.50: filament heated by one 1.5-volt dry cell. Quickly, I dropped my interest in crystal sets and took my savings and bought a WD-11; and two months later I was listening to WGN, Chicago, and KDKA, Pittsburgh, and a host of nearer stations.

But, somehow, I never could get Havana, Cuba.

SCHOOL IN WINTER

There isn't much snow in the Ozarks. We had maybe three or four light snows a winter, with three or four inches each time, gone the next day or the day after. Going to school in the snow was fun, when it was no deeper than that. The path across the pasture and Charlie Thomason's field had disappeared. We were forced to line up distant landmarks in a strange and magic landscape. And the tracks! Rabbit tracks everywhere, unmistakable because of their spraddled, hippity-hop pattern, mouse tracks with a central groove marking the track of the tail, an occasional raccoon track with hind-foot prints like a little bear. Bird tracks too, from the few crows, jays, juncos, and other who had stayed behind the fall migration. There was our own trail, stretching behind us, and, if it wasn't too warm, remaining to make an Indian trail for the war party to follow when school let out in the afternoon.

Sometimes there was a deep snow — up to eight inches, one time a full foot, making drifts knee-deep, ravines where we wallowed up to our waists, sometimes even our distant landmarks had changed so we could travel only by dead reckoning. One day we got off-course. We crossed the ravine way off our usual route just where we crossed, struggling through both drifted snow and beatendown blackberry bushes, there was a big black hole. It went straight down, big enough for a small boy to fall in and then heading off to the east somewhere. Later I found out it was a sink-hole. We were in limestone country. We'd never seen it in other seasons because it was in the middle of the blackberry patch, and if the thorns hadn't kept us out, the chiggers would've.

Anyway, it was a new mystery to us, and we began to speculate. Before we got to school we had a firm theory. World War I was on. We read the news of it every day in the Southwest American, the Ft Smith daily that came up to Summers on the Frisco, then to us by mail, only a day late. A marvelous thing! The Germans were not doing well. Our theory was that in their desperation they had tunnelled under the Atlantic, to Middle America, so to get behind all our fortifications. The hole we had seen was just the beginning. The spies had already come out and reported. In a few days, the ground would open up, regiments of Uhlans, with spiked helmets (remember the illustrations in the Literary Digest?) would come marching out, and we would be in the middle of the battle.

The theory became less firm as we approached the schoolhouse. We mentioned it to no one. That evening we went home by the road — a longer

route, but, for now, safe from capture. The next day the hole was gone — filled with collapsing snowdrift. The danger had disappeared. The theory had evaporated, but we never quite put it out of mind until armistice day, November 11th of the next year.

Back to the snow. When it was over shoe-top height, we were specially dressed by Mother and Grandmother before setting out. First two pairs of stockings — if shoes were big enough to permit; then a wrapping with cloth strips, like a soldier's spiral puttees; then a pair of old stockings of Mother's or Grandmother's — either white or black — pulled over the shoes, up to the knee to be gartered there. This kept the spiral puttees in place and the snow out. It did some good, I guess. Before we arrived at school, the whole mess was down around our ankles. We sat down in a snowbank, took them off, and hung them on a fence for who would be willing to arrive at school clad in ladies' stockings? Dignity before comfort, any day. On to school, take off shoes and stockings to pile them around the woodstove with everybody else's. Now back up to the stove to dry our wet bottoms.

If the snow was still around when school let out, we made a stab at putting on the discarded protection before setting out for home. The attempt usually lasted a scant hundred yards.

When we reached home, the lamps were lit in the house, the lanterns glowed in the barn, the six cows were in their stanchions already eating their hay, and Dad had started milking — four cows for him, leaving one for each of us.

Then in to supper and on to bed. Supper was cornbread and buttermilk, home-canned vegetables from the garden, with perhaps a little ham from the smokehouse. Chicken was for Sundays. We were in bed by 8 o'clock. We loved to read, but light from the coal-oil lamps just wasn't good enough. We had little nighttime reading until we got the Coleman gasoline lamps with the two magnesium mantles, in 1918.

AJ, BJ, CJ AND OTHER FRIENDS

Always there was somebody getting into trouble in the woods, on the creek, or in the fields. Usually it was a young 'un of some sort.

I don't know why jaybirds don't build their nests bigger. Before the young birds are large enough to learn flying, they get so bulky that no more than three can relax in the nest. If there are more, somebody has to sit on the edge. Comes feeding time, that somebody gets pushed off. Nature has made young birds very durable. They can fall thirty feet to the ground, and still not be hurt too badly. There they still announce their hunger. Since Mama is not around, they expect you to do something about it.

If you have ever watched a nest full of young jays, you had to have been surprised at their capacity for food - grubs, smooth caterpillars, crickets and grasshoppers sans prickly legs, and who knows what else? You will have wondered at the diligence and devotion of Mama and Papa, taking turns bringing in the food, constantly on the wing, never stopping to rest until dusk. (Perhaps a bird that can fly from Arkansas to Guatemala in a few days doesn't get tired).

So if you take on the responsibility for an out-of-nest fledgling, you must realize what is expected - nay, demanded - of you. It's food every few minutes dawn to dusk. Don't set out to find that many suitable outdoor morsels. You have neither the eye nor the agility for it. Harvest what you can, but keep a piece of bread, soaked in milk, handy or perhaps a soft egg. In regard to outdoor morsels, remember that rough chitinous parts - beetles' wings, grasshoppers' legs - are lethal. (Nowadays, softened chick-feed makes a tolerable juvenile jaybird diet).

Anyway, after he has been out of the nest ten days (with Mama jay it would have taken less time) you must teach him to fly. It's not so hard. Perch him on your finger and run with him. His wings will spread as you go, and after a few times he will take off - probably for a crash landing, but ready for another try. Very soon he will leave his perch on the back of the lawn chair for one in the maple tree where caterpillars and katydids live. He'll come down only when hunting is poor, to demand that you do your duty. Never fear, he'll let you know! Come dusk, he will demand to be returned to his perch on the screened porch. None of this tree business at night. Somehow, he knows where the threatening owls live.

Before I was twelve, we brought up three self-orphaned jaybirds. When we adopted the first one, we discussed a name for him. Dad said "Well, he's a jay, isn't he? Why don't we call him "AJ"?" So we did. In successive years, when the first ones had gone off to the tropics for winter vacation (never to return), the others were named, of course, "BJ" and "CJ". Although they never came back, we felt that they had been well brought up and could take care of themselves - but many years later, when my son brought up a blue jay - named "Badbeak" because of the language he used when food didn't come fast enough - that jay reappeared three years in succession. Each time he put on his juvenile act, fluttering wings and demanding food, even though he was too wary to come all the way to receive it.

But back to AJ: he loved bright objects - anything from Mother's jewel box (he didn't have the run of the house, but that didn't stop him) to a safety pin, a thimble, or a button. He also had a favorite hiding place at the very bottom of the stovewood box on the back porch. He would worm his way down between the ends of the stovewood to the end of the box. There he deposited his stolen treasure, tucking it under the end of a stick of wood so it could not be seen from above. Anytime we missed something small and bright, we emptied the woodbox. It was usually there. Many a time Lewis or I, bringing in an armload of stovewood, heard a muffled squawk from the bottom of the box when we dropped in our load. A signal to empty the box to free AJ.

We had a fourth, DJ, after we moved to town when I was twelve. He didn't make it. He mistook a rubber band for a worm. It caught under his tongue, and we found him dead, choked by his own tongue.

Dickie the squirrel was a storm victim. We found him in a fallen limb amidst the remains of a squirrel's nest. The rest of the family were gone. Dickie was no bigger than a mouse. He hadn't been weaned. We took him home to feed him, night and day, with warm cow's milk in a medicine drop-

per. He prospered and grew. It wasn't long before we were cracking walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts from the woods, and pecans from our cousins in Alabama. He sat up while eating them, turning the food in his little paws, and fussing a bit when a walnut was too hard for baby teeth. Soon he went with us all over the farm, first in a shirt pocket, later inside the shirt, coming out to sit on a shoulder, commenting about the scenery, or asking for a piece of bread and butter if we stopped. He loved to play chase, racing along the top of a rail fence, coming back to sit on a shoulder when we tired.

When the weather got cool he built a nest in the walnut tree in the back yard. You may have seen a squirrel's nest. It's a big bundle of leaves, apparently without structure, but it has a hollow center with an inconspicuous entrance. When freezing weather came Dickie retired to the nest to sleep for the winter, with his bushy tail curled over his face. Lewis or I used to get on the shed roof, where we could reach the nest, work a hand carefully in through the squirrel-door, and tickle him. He would fuss a little but not move. Mother said "He will bite you" but he didn't. When spring came, Dickie stayed only a few days. We were never sure we saw him again.

The possum was never really a friend. He just didn't like us. We caught his mother, with five baby possums riding on her back, tails wrapped around her tail that was curled up over her back.

There was an old threshing machine in a rocky field on our place - the part called the "separator", which had been belt-driven by a steam tractor, but abandoned there when it wore out before we ever bought the farm. Lewis and I used to play on and in it. It had wooden racks that shook thrillingly if you turned a crank attached to the big pulley wheel outside. But only if you were strong enough to turn the crank. It took two of us, so we never did get to ride on the shaker. Probably a very good thing we didn't. At any rate, there was a kind of conveyor running, slanting up the side of the machine, with a cleated belt inside it, a crank at the bottom, and a little inspection door at top and bottom. We could turn the crank and watch the cleats come crawling down.

One day when we did this a little possum came into view, crawling up the belt just a little slower than we were turning it down. We popped it into a grain sack that had been in the separator, then resumed cranking. Four more little possums came into view and were captured. Finally Mother possum appeared teeth bared and snarling. We swatted her with a board. She "sulled" (played dead) and was popped into the bag. We took the whole kit and kaboodle home and tossed them into a chicken crate, where the kits took up their proper position on mama's back.

Two days later the possums were gone - Mama had gnawed her way out. The cage was the stinkiest thing you ever smelled. But there was one little possum left, so we made him a better cage. We fed him beetles, worms, and fresh vegetables from the garden. With this diet he grew and ungraciously snarled or bared his teeth at us. We put the cage on the screened back porch where the dogs couldn't get at it. However, one night he took his Mama's example, gnawed his way out and was gone. We never could figure how he got out of the screened porch. There was no place to hide.

Mother and Grandmother tended the milk on the porch. We were milking six cows, selling the cream (the cream can was picked up once a week by the dealer in Cincinnatti), also, feeding the skim milk to the calves and the hogs. After milking, Mother and Grandmother would put the result out in dishpans on the long table for that purpose. The cream would rise, the next day they would skim it off, and send one boy to the springhouse with the cream. The other son was off to the barn and the pigpen with the skim milk.

Then, all of a sudden, the cows stopped giving cream. Milk, yes, but there was no cream to skim off the next day. The calves and pigs did all right, but our butter, eggs and cream account didn't. What a mystery! This continued for two or three weeks. Then one night Mother cocked her head, "Dane, there is someone in the attic".

Dad said, "Impossible!" She came back "Just listen".

We all four listened, and sure enough, after a minute or two there was a thump, then soft deliberate footsteps across the kitchen ceiling. Dad picked up a lamp, opened the stairway door, started up the steps, with Mother protesting "Now Dane, be careful. You don't know what might be up there. Dane! I don't think you should —"

After a couple of minutes Dad came back down, grinning, with the biggest possum I ever saw, sulled, its tail wrapped around his finger.

"How in the world!" said Mother. "That's easy" said Dad. "He has been coming down to the porch past a loose clapboard. But he has got so fat can't squeeze through the opening any more. Did you ever see a cream-fed possum before?"

Grandmother spoke up. "It's not only cream. Have you noticed how many apples are missing from that box on the porch?"

The next day Dad took the possum up to the field where the old threshing machine rested. A little later I saw the hired man heading that away. Later he said to me, "David, did anybody ever tell you'uns what good eatin' a cream-fed possum is?"

SHITEPOKE'S NEST

Do you know the lesser blue heron? It is a wader, standing in the shallows of the creek, motionless, then striking with its long beak to come up with a fish, or a frog, or a newt; but mostly, in our observation, with a crawdad. It was called a shitepoke by all of our neighbors. I identified it from a bird guide, years later, as the lesser blue heron. I read somewhere that "shitepoke" was a corruption of "shack post," from its habit of standing, like a rotted-off post down in Cajun country, five hundred miles south of us. I don't believe it. Cajun country is too far from us for that word to travel.

But to us it was a shitepoke, and a novelty. We had one pair that fished our creek and nested in the thicket in a low spot in the big pasture. Water stood there for days after a rain, so grass wouldn't grow, nor blackberries; but small trees sprang up, half-drowned, and never to grow large; sassafras, mulberries, blackjack and sycamore. The shitepokes had a nest near the top of one of them. Lewis, my brother, and I used to climb the tree, separately because it wouldn't bear the weight of two boys at once. We could get just

high enough to peep over the edge of the nest to see the three speckled eggs; later the scrawny, near-naked chicks. We watched them develop until they got big enough to sit up and lean out the nest to watch me climbing up for a look. I guess they didn't like that, because first one, then the other, leaned right over the nest's edge, aimed, and upchucked a half-digested crawdad right into my face.

I asked, do you know the shitepoke? Maybe you do. But I bet you never had one puke in your face. Don't. It smells awful. You have to go home, wash, and put on clean shirt and overalls.

I told Lewis what happened, but he didn't believe it. He found out for himself. We got one thing out of it, a family expression, "It smells worse than a shitepoke's nest!"

Arlene Stilwell, Route 4, Box 252-1, Fayetteville, AR 72701 seeks any information on 3G grandparents William SHEPHERD born ca 1907 Alabama and Saley PETERS born ca 1810 Tennessee. William was killed by bushwhackers during the Civil War, January 1862 and was buried on his farm. His was the first grave in what later became Bidville cemetery in Crawford County, AR. Also wants information on a John BYRD born 15 December 1830 in Tennessee, died 1918, and his wife Synthia ? born January 1830, North Carolina, died 1904. Both are buried in Goshen Cemetery, Goshen, AR. John Byrd was the son of a Henry Byrd born ca 1791 Kentucky and Elizabeth ? born ca 1916, Tennessee.

Ruth Flack McKnight-Wise, 3656 North Caroline Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46218 will exchange information with descendants of Ralph SKELTON, born 14 March 1787, Union County, SC. Parents William Skelton and Sarah. Died 30 March 1862. Buried Baptist Ford Cemetery, Washington County, AR. Married 1st Fanny LATHOM 16 January 1810, Knox County, Indian Territory, 2nd Cassania CONNER. Need further information on ancestry and descendants of Ralph Skelton, born 1787, NC, living with wife Catherine, born 1820 TN, and children William Robert, Prudence, Alfred, Mary, Phebe, Jacob, Elizabeth, West Fork Twp., Washington County, AR in 1850 census. Who is Casina Skelton, born 1812, died 16 November 1900, buried in Sunset Cemetery, Washington County, AR.

Would also like to hear from all descendants of D.T. PUTNAM, born 1818 IN, living 1850 West Fork Twp., Washington County, AR with wife Rachael and children Frances, Rebecca and William. Is he son of Daniel

Putnam and Prudence Skelton of Gibson County, IN? Prudence died ca 1848. Prudence married 2nd Landen Key. She died Washington County, AR. When, where buried?

Need further information all descendants of Skelton and Putnam families with Indiana connections, and descendants of all HUME families of VA, KY, IN, MO, IL.

Mrs. Charles G. Bowen, 4885 Academy Street, San Diego, CA 92109 wishes to correspond with others interested in surnames HAYDEN and DUNCAN in Illinois before 1850. Where in Illinois were they, and where did they reside before migrating there? Believed to have gone to Missouri but where before some of their descendants came to Washington County, AR before 1900. Please help with the history of these families.

Deborah Miller, P.O. Box 7442, Canyon Lake, CA 92380 (phone 714-244-3872) desires information on William WELLS, born about 1829, probably in Illinois and married Mary Jane SHORES, daughter of William Dal Shores. Mary born about 1840 in Washington County, AR. William supposedly died during the Civil War. Where? Mary disappeared. Also need information on Anderson THOMAS, born about 1850 in TN, son of M. Thomas and Mary? Could M. Thomas be Marchant Thomas? Anderson married Sarah Jane McLAUGHLIN 3 July 1870 in Franklin County, AR.

Delbert Wax, Box 9; Gillham, AR 71841 would like information from relatives of Frank S. HAUPTMAN, born 1855, married Mollie A. JONES 15 January 1887, died January 12, 1931 and is buried in Mount Zion Cemetery.

Darlene Price, 665 Brandenburgh Way, Roswell, GA 30075 is seeking any descendants of the following: (1) Coleman COX who had three wives—Martha BUCHANAN (some say it was Margaret Buchanan, but I have the marriage record of Coleman and Martha), Mary Ellen BIRD (or Youngbird or Youngblood), and a Miss COULTER. His children were Edmiston, Lavinia (md. Peter Paulus PYEATT), Samuel (a reverend), Mariah, Burwell, Anderson, and John. These children he had with his first wife. With his second wife he had Andrew Young Cox and Sarah Nunnelly Cox. (2) Burwell Cox (brother to the above Coleman). Burwell married Rebecca MOBLEY (also found in records as MOBERLY). Their children were: Jane, Frances, Sarah N., Elvira, Robert Lafayette, Hester Ann, Elizabeth, Alvira Nancy, Phillip, Lenora, and Louise Maria Cox. If you think you have any info on any of the above, would love to correspond with you and share information. Also seeking old photos of any of the above or their families. Also have a photo of Burwell Cox and wife Cora, but to date cannot place this man. It is assumed he is related either to Coleman or Burwell Cox listed above. The name Burwell is an old family name, as I have the source of where it came from originally.

Nancy Maxwell, 10299 Alder Court, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730 needs birthdates and birthplaces for James COULTER, Jr. and his father, James Coulter, Sr. James Jr.'s wife was Mary MOORE. Also needs their

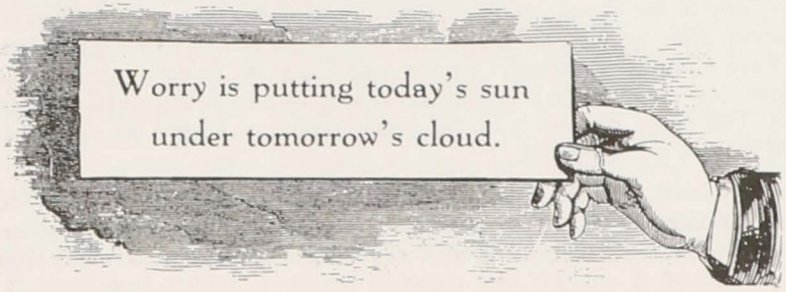
marriage dates and places and James Sr.'s death date and place. Also needs birthdates and places for Mary Moore and her parents, John D. Moore and a Miss PATRICK. Mary's brother David was born February 15, 1816 in Christian County, KY and the family moved to TN shortly thereafter. Also need John's marriage date and place, his death date and place, and the same for his wife. Would appreciate any information on these families.

Mamie Cox Parker (Mrs. M.E.), 1412 S.W. 54th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119 is trying to locate descendants of David CARTER, also Winney Carter MARRS of Prairie Grove, AR of the mid-1860s. David Carter became the guardian of several of Winney Carter Marrs' children when she deceased in 1867. One of the children was Elizabeth Marrs, my grandmother.

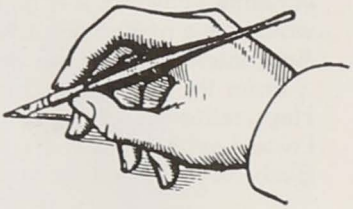
James J. Barnes, Chairman History Dept. and Hadley Professor of History, Wabash College, Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933 seeks information on Samuel Doak LOWRY, founding professor of Cane Hill College, and functioned as Acting President of the College 1856-59. Married in Washington County 1852 to Emily MOBERLY. Supposedly served in the Confederate Army. By 1869 was teaching in Tehuacana, TX at Trinity University. Died ca 1874. Was a graduate of Wabash University in 1849.

Margie Abbe, 1717 Oak Tree Drive, Denton, TX 76201 is interested in information about a cemetery on the "STEVENSON Home Place," referred to as Stevenson Mountain. Has received information that several of her ancestors are buried there, yet has never found a listing of it. Does it exist? What is the name? Is there a list of burials there? Also interested in finding: Samuel Stevenson, Nancy PITTMAN Stevenson and their children.

Teresa L. Houston, 305 Sunrise Court, Union City, GA 30291 needs information on the Mark Lafayette HOUSTON family, born 6 October 1877, Madison County, AR, married Ethel Houston born 5 October 1905, Carroll County, AR. Mark L. Houston's father was Robert Houston and his mother was California HALL. Robert was born 1856-57 in AR, California 1859 in AR. Ethel Houston's father was Earl (Early) Houston, living in Carroll County in 1910, Benton County in 1917, and buried in Washington County in 1972. He was born in Rockhouse, AR in 1883.



Our Readers Write



Nancy Maxwell
10299 Alder Court
Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730

I've been a member of WCHS since last year. I'm researching my sister-in-law's ancestors in Washington County and have collected much data on them. Recently I came across some information I would like to share with WCHS concerning Andrew and Johanna Hay Buchanan, whose descendants were distinguished citizens of Lincoln County, TN and Washington County, AR. I don't know if this information has been presented previously to the Society; if not, I hope it will help straighten out what I believe is an error.

While researching the Buchanan family in Augusta and Washington County in Virginia, I found this record of a will:

> 27th February, 1775 David Hays' will - To wife, servant girl named Agness McGraw; to daughter Johanna Buchanan; to daughter Eloner (Eleanor) Paxton; to daughter Hannah Sawyers, to daughter Mary Lapsley; to sons, David, William, Joseph, Robert, John, division. Executors wife Isabella Hays, William Paxton, James Sawyers. Teste: Andrew Kinnear, George Berry, Agness Kinnear. Proved 21 August 1776 by solemn affirmation of the Kinnears. Isabella and Sawyers qualify. Paxton to be summoned. 19th August 1777, Paxton qualifies.

This is from *Chronicles of the Scotch-Irish Settlement in Virginia -Records of Augusta County, Virginia 1745-1800*, by Chalkley, volume 3, page 144.

I submit that Johanna Buchanan is the wife of Andrew Buchanan as has been previously published in various WCHS publications (No. 8, *The Pyeatts and the Carnahans of Old Cane Hill*, 1954, page 27, and FLASHBACK, February 1977, page 15). I have also seen Andrew and Johanna in various publications from Tennessee. However, Johanna's father in the first two items in this paragraph is given as *Patrick* Hay. I believe her father is *David* Hays of the above-mentioned will for these reasons:

1. Of Andrew's and Johanna's ten known children, six of them bear the names of Johanna's brothers and sisters. Her children were David, Matthew, Isabella, Joseph, John, Mary, Hannah, Margaret, Jane and Eleanor.
2. Isabella was Johanna's mother; one daughter bears the same name.
3. David was Johanna's father; one son bears the same name.

I have also seen Patrick Hay suggested as Johanna's father in *Genealogies of Virginia Families*, Volume 1, Genealogical Publishing Co., 1981, p. 612. The children of Patrick Hay found here were Frances, Joan, William, Margaret, Catherine and Ruth. The article also suggests that *Joan* was probably the wife of Andrew Buchanan, son of Samuel Buchanan, and

that Joan and Andrew were married in Augusta County, Virginia. One of Johanna's children was named Margaret; however, I believe that Johanna would have named more than one child after her own brothers and sisters. And, interestingly, none of the sons is named Patrick.

From the evidence I found, it seems much more probable that David Hays, rather than Patrick Hay, was the father of Johanna Hay(s) Buchanan. I would appreciate hearing from other descendants of Andrew and Johanna Buchanan concerning the above suggestion.

Also from Nancy Maxwell (see above):

While researching the Pyeatt family, I came across a record of marriage dates, witnesses, and bondsmen for Jacob and James Pyeatt, two brothers and pioneers of early Arkansas. I would like to share this with FLASHBACK readers.

> *Abstracts of Marriage Bonds and Additional Data, Guilford County, North Carolina, Vol. 1, 1771-1840.* Compiled by Ruth Thompson and Louise Hartgrove. Contains the following information:
>
> Groom: Michael Finley (Michael Findley)
> Bride: Sinai Taylor
> Date of Bond: 21 May 1795
> Bondsmen & Witnesses: David Young, James Pyeatt (Pyatt), Jacob Pyeatt (Pyatt), (w) John Hamilton, c.c.
>
> Groom: Jacob Pyeatt (Pyatt)
> Bride: Margaret Findley
> Date of Bond: 8 March 1791
> Bondsmen & Witnesses: James Pyeatt, Michael Findley, (w) John Hamilton
>
> Groom: James Pyeatt (Pyatt)
> Bride: Catren Findley
> Date of Bond: 11 Apr 1791
> Bondsmen & Witnesses: Jacob Pyeatt, Samuel Findley, Michael Findley, (w) John Hamilton.

Locating these marriage bonds is a significant step "backward" in tracing the famous Pyeatt name from its colonial North Carolina origins. It also reveals additional information about the Finley/Findley family that would be well worth pursuing.

Theresa Ryan
501 North Paradise Road
Aberdeen, MD 21001

A newsletter entitled "Ely Heritage", covering all branches of the Ely surname and its allied lineages is published quarterly at a yearly cost of $12.00. It carries a full query column.

THE JOYS OF ANCESTOR-HUNTING

By Dale Van Atta

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It was a stormy afternoon, and I was looking for a dead man. For three years I had scoured public records and questioned anyone who might have a clue about him.

I had learned that Samuel was born and raised in Lock Haven, Pa., where he married Laura and worked as a canal boatman and a tanner. They had nine children. Then someone said he had a stroke. Another thought he'd been shipped by train to Rochester, N.Y., where addlebrained, he stumbled onto a railroad track at just the wrong moment.

That was all I had been able to find—until now, after a half-dozen trips to Rochester, when I had come to Mt. Hope Cemetery. Records showed that Samuel had died of "apoplexy." Torrents of rain came down as I sloshed to Grave 49, Row 136. There I finally found my great-grandfather, and experienced a sense of elation that millions feel each year.

Searching for ancestors has become a popular avocation. Genealogist Johni Cerny, president of Lineages, Inc., in Utah, has found that nearly half the written requests for assistance received by America's libraries and historical societies seek information about someone's lineage. There are more than 1200 genealogical periodicals now in circulation in the United States and Canada, and about 1750 genealogical societies boast more than 500,000 members.

"Prying into the past and finding lost memories is like seeking clues in an intriguing mystery," contends enthusiast and author George Durrant. "I've experienced thrills as difficult to describe as viewing a sunset or falling in love. For by digging to the bottom of my family history, I finally found myself."

Researching your family tree is not easy, because records may be difficult to locate, and the information unreliable. Over the years, names were

changed on census and other forms to protect the innocent and the guilty, and records are filled with errors by incompetent or indifferent clerks. Moreover, informants who provided the "facts" were not above falsifying their ages, relationships and places of origin.

Most genealogists must deal with ever-changing spellings of family names—there are 30 variations of my own—because immigration officials often transcribed them phonetically. And our own foreign forefathers did a good bit of anglicizing themselves, ensuring that genealogical research will never be as clear as black and white. American families with the surname Black, by the way, could be descended from the Schwartzes of Germany, while those named White could have French ancestry from the Le Blanc lineage. Of course, there are also the names one comes across that enliven any tedious search: Ida May Dye, Ruth Shaves, Trulove Sparks, Rhoda Way.

Marriage and death records are equally suspect, and sometimes as amusing. Consider this entry in the Marown parish register on the Isle of Man: "1823—Married at Marown after a tedious courtship of nine days, Thos. Collister, a sporting widower of 60, to Mrs. Ann Lewin, a bouncing widow of 50. Five weeks have scarcely escaped since the bridegroom buried his former rib."

And then there are these "cause of death" gems on death certificates collected in Missouri: "Died suddenly, nothing serious"; "Don't know. Had never been fatally ill before"; "Went to bed feeling well but woke up dead." Or this beauty: "Primary cause—blow on head with ax. Contributory cause—another man's wife."

Every family is sure to have a colorful ancestor or two. I came across one of mine who was a popular puppeteer and ventriloquist in the Pennsylvania countryside of the mid-1800s. Col. James Sharp went by the stage name of "Peter Hauntz." His star was "Herodia, the Living Puppet," who, according to one account, was a gifted, undersized young actress.

A constable who believed Hauntz had kidnapped her raided the puppeteer's show, "seized the inanimate actors and actresses and undressed them to find the 'living puppet.' Hauntz, handcuffed in an adjoining room, threw his ventriloquial voice into the puppets as they were stripped, making them scream as if in rage and shame. Herodia was not found among them."

Hauntz would have been the first to advise roots-sleuths that things are not always what they seem. A classic example of genealogical errata is found at the dignified Boston-based New England Historic Genealogical Society. A Victorian tome, *Family Record of Calvin Tuttle*, published in 1871, grandly pronounces that "all the sons and daughters [of family founder William Tuttle] married into the first families of the day, and numerous evidences are extant in the early records of their worth and high standing and character."

This is followed by a list of their names, together with comments that a subsequent genealogist penciled in next to certain entries. After David Tuttle, born in 1639, the pencil-pusher noted "incompetent"; Benjamin Tuttle, born in 1646, "killed his sister Sarah"; and poor "insane" Mercy Tuttle

"murdered her child."

Any who doubt the mesmerizing effect of discovering one's own past did not see "The Tonight Show" in which Alex Haley turned the tables on Johnny Carson. Although the program's format calls for Carson to ask the questions, Haley, author of *Roots*, surprised his host by asking what he knew about his ancestry. Not much, Carson allowed.

Haley then produced a two-inch-thick book and proclaimed, "I'm going to tell you a lot about your background." To the audience's laughter and applause, Haley took Carson's genealogy back seven generations to a point when the two of them had something in common: an ancestor who had come to America in bondage. The man was Thomas Hooke, an Englishman who became an indentured servant to the captain of a ship sailing for the New World. He arrived here in 1668 and served this master for nine years before being freed.

Ancestor-hunting has been known to reunite families long separated. Sonja Grange Jensen of Novato, Calif., recently mailed packets of genealogical information to 418 families named Grange across the country, hoping to extend her knowledge. In Indianapolis, John Grange read the material wide-eyed. His father had died years earlier, leaving him with no known family. He'd been told his mother died when he was a baby.

Grange called a Dell Grange listed in Sonja's packet because his father had once mentioned a brother of that name. An astonished Dell Grange said that he had had a brother who had disappeared 43 years before with his five-year-old son, John, never to be heard from again. John was then overjoyed to learn that his mother was still alive, and he had nine sisters and a brother. Their reunion will never be forgotten by any who were there.

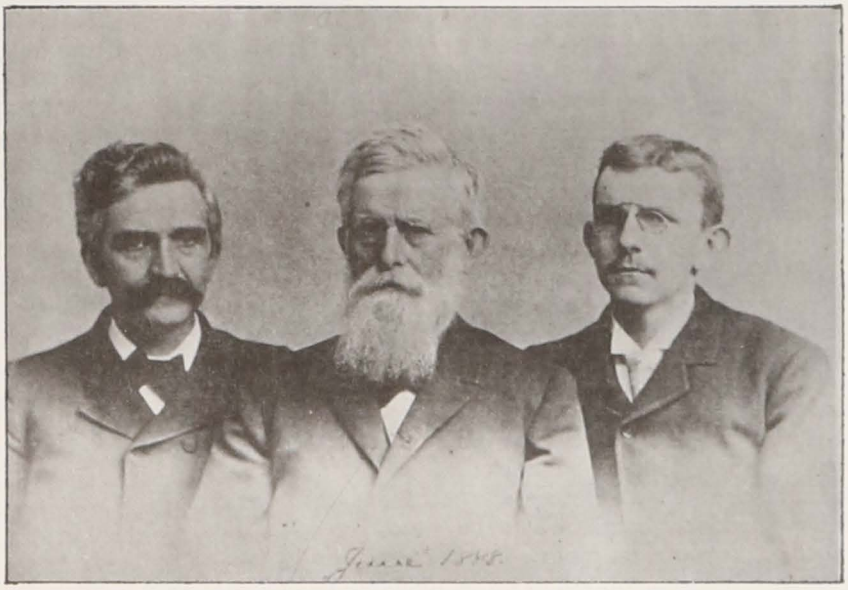
Yet, for many years, genealogy was mainly the purview of blue bloods seeking to prove their relation to royalty or early patriots so they could join groups such as the Daughters of the American Revolution. But times change. Pop singer Helen Reddy, who does her own genealogy, proudly tells of her link to three convict ancestors who had been deported to Australia, one of them for stealing an inexpensive watch. A long-ago relative of mine was tossed out of his house by his wife, probably because he'd embezzled at work.

Prior to Ronald Reagan's 1984 visit to his ancestral home of Ballyporeen in the Irish county of Tipperary, British genealogists decided to trace the President's background. They found a link to Riagain, kin to the 11th-century Irish king Brian Boru, who died saving Ireland from the Vikings. Reagan was thus tied into European royal lines, making him cousin to, among others, Princess Diana and France's President Francois Mitterrand.

In the end, if genealogy is anything, it is not so much the Webster's-defined "study of family descent" as it is developing a deep appreciation for those who have gone before us. Whether they are princes or paupers, prisoners or prima donnas, their life stories are treasures to those who patiently and persistently delve into their family history.

DEDICATION ADDRESS FOR THE TEBBETTS HOUSE APRIL 21, 1968

by Homer Tebbetts Galey



Jonas Tebbetts with two of his sons, June 1888.
L to R: Hale, Father Jonas and Howard Tebbetts.

This may be an appropriate occasion to say a few words about the man who in the year 1854 built this noble old house. As you all know, he was Jonas March Tebbetts. I am his last surviving grandson. It is that relationship that brings me to Fayetteville today and affords me the privilege of addressing you now. I am not going to speak of my grandfather's life as a lawyer, judge, educator, banker and planter. Even the briefest of biographical sketches is liable to be of interest chiefly to its author. In any case, Judge Tebbetts' career during the twenty-two years he lived in Arkansas has been covered in William Baxter's book, *Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove*, and years later in Professor Lemke's *Flashback* and other historical records of the time. So I shall confine my remarks to a few personal recollections of Grandfather Tebbetts, so that you may see him, perhaps for the first time, as a man, and not as a dim legendary figure, even now becoming obscured by the passing years.

Judge Tebbetts was born in 1820 in New Hampshire and died at my parents' home in Pittsburgh, PA in 1914 at the age of ninety-four. In 1899, at the age of seventy-nine he retired from the Law. Grandmother Tebbetts had died a few years before; the Tebbetts children were now grown, and Grandfather was left alone to rattle around in Aspen Hall, a twelve room

colonial mansion at Harrodsburg, Ky. At Mother's insistence, he came to live with us. It was then, as a boy, that I learned to know and love him. Next to my mother, Grandfather Tebbetts is still the central figure in my boyhood memories. Sitting on his knee, he taught me to read two years before I entered school. Later, when he was in his nineties, I was in my teens and struggling desperately with the Latin and Greek masters, I could always take my problems to him. I well remember how simple and lucid the difficult passages became when he turned on the light. He read Latin and Greek with the same ease as the Pittsburgh Press and the Atlantic Monthly. He made the ancients come alive for me. I could almost see Socrates drinking the poisonous hemlock. Grandfather and I together marched across Persia with Alexander's Greeks and Macedonians. We rode with Ghengis Kahan and Tamerlane across the steppes of Asia, plundering as we went. One evening we helped Hannibal get his Carthagian army across the Alps. I must confess we lost about ten elephants on the way. Some nights he might say, "Ted, come to my room at eight tonight and we'll read some poetry you should know." Or it might be one of Shakespeare's plays or a discussion of current events. Some nights we would go out under the stars and he would point out the constellations and how they got their names. Under his tutelage, the Pleiades and the bands of Orion became my personal friends. Most of the time I was out of my depth, but he was able to stimulate my intellectual curiosity. He showed me how immensely wide and deep is the field of human knowledge and what a small part of it one man can hope to learn in a lifetime of study.

And so I remember him, a kindly old gentleman, six feet tall, with a head of snow-white hair and beard, straight as an arrow to his life's end, always impeccably dressed in black tie, starched white shirt and black or navy blue broadcloth, still vigorous and with all his faculties intact. Outdoors, Grandfather always carried an ebony cane with a massive gold handle, although he really didn't need it. That cane was his only vanity. In his righthand pocket he carried four or five twenty dollar gold pieces; in his left pocket a marvelous pocket knife with two razor sharp blades, a screwdriver, a tiny saw, a corkscrew and an awl. And in his waistcoat pocket he kept his greatest treasure, the bullet that saved his life by ending General Ben McCulloch's at the battle of Pea Ridge while Grandfather was under sentence of hanging at Fort Smith. When Grandfather died the bullet mysteriously disappeared and must have been buried with him. They say that you can't take it with you, but I think he did, and that bullet may be the only agent of human destruction ever to reach Heaven.

But there was another side to Judge Tebbetts. He was not above a harmless practical joke. A hundred years ago, there was an enormous tree, an American elm I think, growing in the Fayetteville Square. Now imagine a Saturday morning in mid-summer. Half of Fayetteville is down there on the Square and the streets are swarming with country folks in town for their weekly trading. The Judge is there too strolling along, and today he is bent on mischief. He comes to the big tree and suddenly stops and looks upward. Slowly he raises his cane and points to the topmost branches. He moves a

step or two to the left, keeping his cane upraised; now to the right, as if to get a better view. A man stops beside him and looks to the spot where the cane is pointing. Now two more stop and someone asks, "What is it?" The Judge exclaims indignantly, "Don't you see it?" Soon there is a little knot of people gathered there staring up into the leafy branches. And now everyone on that side of the Square joins the growing crowd. No one notices as the Judge edges away and watches from a doorway a short distance down the street. The crowd has swelled to a hundred or more, all staring and pointing up at the nothing Judge Tebbetts has seen. It was about ten minutes before the crowd began to break up and began to drift away muttering to themselves. It seems that the Judge had made a bet with one of his cronies that he could gather a crowd of one hundred people on the Fayetteville Square in five minutes and not utter ten words. In recounting this story, the Judge said, "I never did collect that bet. That man was a lawyer. He pointed out that since I had not counted the people, the exact number was not in evidence. Then he added, "But I didn't pay the bet either. He couldn't prove that there were not one hundred people gathered there under that tree. You see, both of us were lawyers."

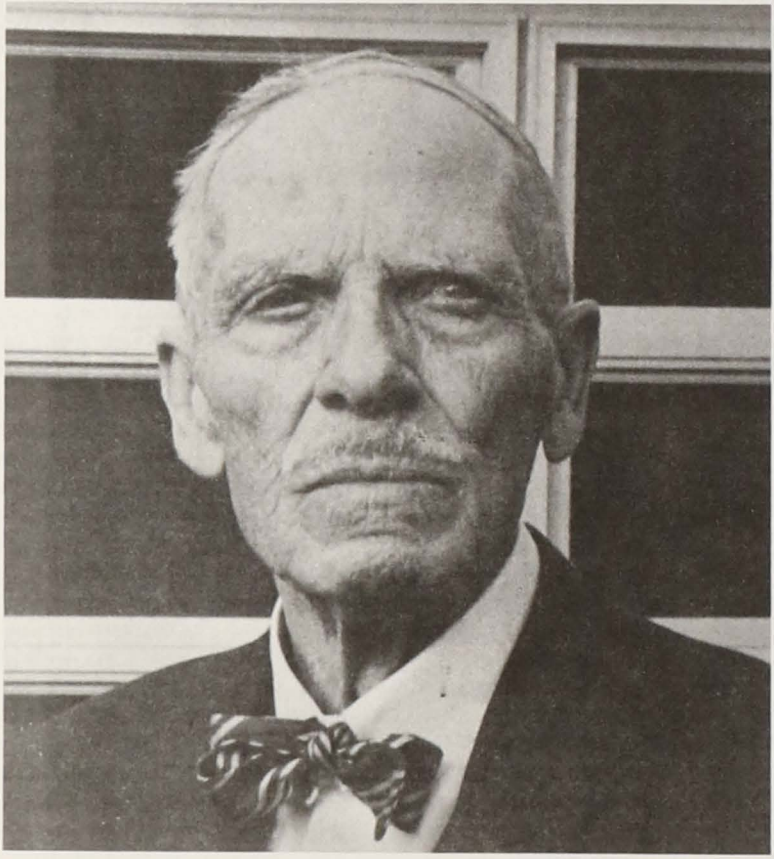
Although born in the North, Arkansas was Grandfather's adopted state and Fayetteville was his chosen town. This house was his castle. I like to think that some of these old trees that still grace the lawn were planted here by his hands over a century ago. It was here that four of the seven Tebbetts children were born. Two little boys, my uncles, are buried in unmarked graves out there somewhere behind the house in what was once a flower garden. In 1856 my own mother was born in one of these rooms.

These family associations have given me a kind of vicarious affection for the old homestead. You will understand my concern as I watched the property become increasingly vulnerable to the encroaching business and commercial district of Fayetteville. It was therefore with considerable relief that I received word from Mr. Deane last August that the Society had acquired the place which thenceforth would be the Society's headquarters. I can think of no fate more appropriate.

I have heard it said that a home long lived in can take on some of the character of its owner. If there is any truth in that I think we all owe a debt of gratitude to the successive owners of this place. They took good care of it and added little touches of their own from time to time, thus gradually bringing the house from the nineteenth century into the twentieth, without losing any of its original charm.

The Tebbetts family occupied this house a scant eight years. The crisis in Judge Tebbetts' life came with the cruel choice he had to make between the North and the Confederacy. For him, it was a harder choice than for most men who automatically fell into one camp or the other. If Judge Tebbetts had any lingering affection for the North, it was the South he loved. He had married a Southern girl from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky who had inherited slaves. He himself had adopted the Southern way of life and lived within those traditions. He had a deep sympathy for the people of the South and unlike most Northerners, he understood their economic and social pro-

blems and their political philosophy. But he could not bear the thought of secession. He loved the Union more than any of its component parts. With Judge Tebbetts, it was, "Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more." He knew that the North and the South each needed the other and that neither by itself could become the great nation he envisioned. And so, when his position as a Union man became no longer tenable, for the sake of his family's safety, he left it all, this lovely house, their personal possessions, his plantations, his mills, his law practice and what had promised to be a brilliant political future. He left Fayetteville in the middle of the night in an army ambulance to find a new home and make a new start in life.



Homer Tebbetts Galey

In this present time of dissention and loss of confidence in the purpose of our country and its leaders; when patriotism seems old hat; when contempt for law and order is spreading across the land; with mediocrity taking the place of excellence; with vulgarity often more popular than plain good manners, it is my hope that this house will continue to stand here, in Mr. Deane's

words, as a historic shrine, a kind of oasis and a reminder to all who come here that troubled as these times are, our beloved country a hundred years ago met and survived a far greater crisis than any we can foresee today.

And now it remains for me to thank Professor Lemke who has been working in his quiet but effective way for years to save this place from becoming the site of a service station, or a second-hand car lot or a laundry. My thanks also to Mr. Deane, who has given much of his time and effort to save the old house and to restore it. It was Mr. Deane's timely article that brought statewide attention to the plight of the property.* Also, to Mr. Green, who generously reduced the price of the house far below its actual commercial value; to Mr. Rebsamen whose substantial contribution made the transaction possible; and to Mr. Feathers, President of the Washington County Historical Society; and to the ladies of the Society for their work in decorating and furnishing the house in the style of the mid-nineteenth century. To all these and to the Society itself I extend my personal appreciation and the gratitude of the long departed Tebbetts family and their descendants, living and dead, including any of the Tebbetts ghosts who may still be lurking about the premises.

Addendum *by Ernie Deane*

Readers of Flashback who know the Jonas and Matilda Tebbetts story undoubtedly spotted a factual error in the reprint (Flashback Feb. 1987) of my Arkansas Gazette article of April 16, 1967. That article had quickly brought a voluntary offer of $20,000 from Raymond Rebsamen, of Little Rock, to the fund being raised to purchase and preserve the historic Tebbetts property on East Dickson street in Fayetteville.

The Gazette article stated that Jonas and Matilda had only three children, all daughters and all born in the family home. The statement was based on research by W.J. (Uncle Walt) Lemke, as diligent a researcher of Washington County history as has ever lived. In this case, however, a couple of important Tebbetts family facts had eluded him, thus the error in the Gazette article.

Actually, Judge and Mrs. Tebbetts were parents of four sons, in addition to three daughters. The oldest of the children, Hale, was born in a log cabin, the first Tebbetts home in Fayetteville. Two of the other sons died in childhood and were buried on the family property. How "Uncle Walt" and I came upon this pertinent and important piece of information is a story of coincidence, good luck, or what have you. After 20 years, I've forgotten many of the details, but here briefly is what I can recall and what my incomplete notes tell me.

In researching the Tebbetts family history, Prof. Lemke had made contact by mail some years earlier with Homer Tebbetts Galey, a grandson of Jonas and Matilda, son of John and Lillian Tebbetts Galey. Homer (Ted) Galey was then living in New York state. He didn't tell Prof. Lemke of the four sons, however, and "Uncle Walt" didn't tell me until some years later of his correspondence with "Ted."

Came the year 1967 and our Society's project to raise $40,000 to acquire the Tebbetts property. Prof. Lemke asked me to write an article for the Arkansas Gazette, hoping that statewide notice would bring in some money, and it did — $20,000 from Mr. Rebsamen in one lump. Thanks to this unexpected gift, and to $10,000 from Paris Green, and to the generosity of many others, the Society acquired the property on July 31.

Now, let's back up to the days of World War II for a moment. During the early months of that war, I became a close friend of a Tulsa, Okla., lawyer, Hunter L. Johnson Jr., when we were on U.S. Army duty together at Fort Warren, Wyo. Then, more than 20 years after the war, after my wife and I had moved to Fayetteville, he and his wife came to visit us. I cannot recall exactly how the subject of Jonas Tebbetts came up, but probably in passing when I pointed out the historic house to him. In any case, he told me that he knew a great-grandson of Jonas, then living in New York City, and would obtain some Tebbetts family information from him. Jonas' descendant was named Thomas H. Galey.

Included in the information from Tom Galey was the fact that his uncle, Homer Tebbetts Galey, was living in Neosho, Mo. Prof. Lemke hadn't known of "Ted" Galey's move to Neosho. Also, we learned that two of the Tebbetts daughters, Lillian Tebbetts Galey and Marian Tebbetts Banes, had lived in Tulsa and were buried there. (Marian's married name, according to family records, is properly spelled Banes without an "i".)

Just why "Uncle Walt" and I didn't hurry to Neosho to find "Ted" Galey, I don't remember. In any case, I eventually contacted him, and Prof. Lemke and I drove up to see him on Oct. 28, 1967. "Ted" spent much of an afternoon giving us family information, and recalling his boyhood association with his grandfather Jonas, who had helped him study Latin. Also, we learned for the first time of the four Tebbetts sons. I made a photograph of "Ted," and we borrowed from him old photographs of Jonas and Matilda, and also of Jonas with his grown sons Hale and Howard.

"Ted" also surprised us with the loan of Marian Tebbetts Banes' manuscript of the family history, with its description of the Tebbetts house interior in the 1850's. In addition, our visit resulted later in "Ted's" gift to the Society of the Tebbetts silver service, and an oil portrait of Jonas Tebbetts that "Ted" had painted from the badly damaged original. He came in person to deliver these treasured objects to the Society on April 21, 1968, dedication day of Headquarters House.

Prof. Lemke was there that day, happier than he'd been for years. So was Raymond Rebsamen, and Society Pres. Tom Feathers, Secretary Deane Carter, and others who had had key roles in saving the property. Paris Green had died. Now, just 20 years later, "Uncle Walt," Raymond, Tom, Deane, "Ted," and my friend Johnson all are gone. So are some others who worked so diligently in the 1960's to acquire the Tebbetts house

How I wish I'd made more photographs, and kept better notes, in those exciting times. Too often we who are fortunate to participate in extraordinary events fail to record pertinent details, and memory later proves to be an unreliable source. Good luck and coincidence don't always smile on us

as they did on "Uncle Walt" and me when we found "Ted" Galey in nearby Neosho, and he proved so generous with information and family mementoes from the life of Jonas and Matilda Tebbetts. When fortune does smile, careful and detailed records should be kept for history's sake.

DICKSON STREET — A FOND MEMORY

I like to remember Dickson Street in the days of the nineteen-twenties and early thirties. It was our dear old street then — it belonged to us and we belonged to it. It was not even fully paved nor macadamized, but every inch of its way spoke of Fayetteville, its trials, its triumphs — our very own way of life then.

It led by the paths of beautiful Protestant churches and finally found its way to the steps of our University, the university of our hopes and dreams.

In downtown Fayetteville — the business part — we used to call it Shuler Town. It had its own special uniqueness. There was the meat market, across the street the shoe repair shop. In the middle of the block was the large Cardinal Drug Store, later named the Palace. Just outside its doors was the shoeshine stand of Tony the bootblack, an elderly Italian immigrant who always gave a big "Hello" to passersby. Further down was the old post office in the building formerly occupied by the Frisco Drug Store which sold small gift items. On across the tracks we loved to come to the depot. The Frisco Railroad depot was rebuilt in 1926 with Spanish-style architecture. On a summer's evening — or just any time — one could see friends congregating there to watch magnificent Frisco passenger trains come through. Indeed, much of Fayetteville's society would be in attendance! Everyone liked to watch those big beautiful vehicles and also to see who was embarking and debarking from such grandeur.

Across the street (or the tracks) was George's coffee shop and cafe. There the college professors came to meet and exchange conversation as they visited over a cup of coffee.

Cecilia Mulrenin Vetter
(former resident of 725 West Dickson)

John Anderson Niccum and granddaughter, Willie Beatrice Niccum, daughter of Dewey and Mary Lane Niccum.

NICCUMS: BACK AND FORWARD

by Lois Conduff

My great-grandfather Jesse was the first Arkansas member of our line, but not the last by any means. The first of our family arrived in 1793 from Germany on the good ship *Samuel*. He was Peter, born 1715 in Landau, Germany. Niccums (the name had various spellings) had lived there for five hundred years. Our fourth great-grandfather settled in Emmitsburg, Maryland, had three sons (and probably some girls): Johan Georg, Peter, Jr., and (my third great-grandfather) Michael, born 25 January 1740 in Maryland. There he married Sussannah - - - - -, moving to Kentucky in

LEFT TO RIGHT: - - - - Woodruff; Susan Niccum Woodruff Wheeler; - - - -Woodruff, daughter of Susan Niccum and Woodruff; Riley Miller, son of "Babe" Niccum and John Miller; "Babe" Niccum Miller; - - - - - Woodruff, daughter of Susan and Woodruff; Unknown; John Anderson Niccum; Jesse Abraham Niccum, son of John and Ethel; Mary Ethel Fitzgerald Niccum; Lula Jane Niccum, daughter of John and Ethel; Nancy J. Moore Niccum; Abraham (Abe) Alexander Niccum; Unknown; Dewey Jackson Tolbert Niccum, son of John and Ethel.

1795 and dying there 19 February, 1800. Sussannah moved the family of six boys and three girls to Eaton, Ohio, sometime in 1811.

One of Michael's sons was my great-great-grandfather Abraham, born 1795 in Maryland, married in Ohio Epsey Childre (Childress), born in Georgia about 1795.

Jesse Irvins Niccum reached Springdale about 1854 where he met a willing lass, Nancy Jane Moore, and they were married 10 April 1854.

Jesse, born in Ohio 30 November 1820, was killed by bushwhackers in 1865, just after their return to Arkansas from Missouri, near their home at Johnson in Washington County, Arkansas.

Nancy was born in Tennessee in 1810 or 1820. She passed on in 1911, maybe having lived more than one hundred years. Jesse's and Nancy's two sons and three daughters were as follows:

1. *Abraham Alexander Niccum*, born 21 December 18?? in Washington County, Arkansas. There he met and married, in 1885, Margaret Lankford born 23 May 1865 in Tennessee. Their records are at the Washington County courthouse and the Fayetteville Public Library. Their children were:

   a. Lillian J., born 1877, Arkansas, married Ocjie Martin, born 1876, Missouri. Children include: Ola J., born 1905, Arkansas; G.F., born 1907, Arkansas; Herbert J., born 1910, Arkansas.

   b. Stella J., born 1892, Arkansas, married Omer L. Bynum, born 1891, Arkansas. Children: Lee Roy and Pauline.

   c. Shelby, born 1905, Arkansas, married Laura Jane Nickols 15 December 1924. Laura born 18 March 1909. A son, Richard, married Genevievie Ledbetter. Their daughter was Elizabeth Ann Niccum Padilla.

2. *Susan Niccum*, born 1857, Arkansas, married first William Edward Woodruff who was killed by a bear in Arkansas. Their children were: Mary Lizzie, Ida Jane, Estenneth (Tina), Fred, and Walter Edward Woodruff. Susan married second James George Wheeler and they moved to Michigan. They had Anna Belle and Jesse James Wheeler and perhaps another girl Susan. Susan drowned crossing on a Lake Michigan ferry with one or two of her daughters.

Fred was married more than once, but I found only Jessie Lankford with whom they had three boys, I was told, although no names are known. Walter was married twice, had quite a number of children and grandchildren. I have very little information on this line.

3. *John Anderson Niccum*, born 1856 in Washington County, Arkansas, married first Mary Annettie Phelan, born about 185? in Arkansas, lived near West Fork, Arkansas, had three daughters: Lissie, Macie and Millie who died as infants and are buried at Baptist Ford Cemetery in Greenland. Their other children were:

   a. Riley Earl, born 12 June 1887 in Arkansas, married Mary Mirinda Gahagen, born 8 January 1887 in Arkansas. Both are buried in California. Their children: Georgia Ruby married Carl W. Alvarado and their daughter Carla married a Mr. Glass and

had Josiah and Robert Glass (Carla is now Mrs. Hatter). Dorothy Minnie married Robert Baylis Hubener and had Sharon who married Herman Helmuth and had Jason, Shareen and Holly Helmuth; and Robert Baylis Hubener, Jr. who married Jayne ? and had no children. Ruth Olive married ? Ingersol and had Ace and Robert Ingersol; Ace has Ronnie and Mack; Robert has Liana and Lisa; Ruth married second Ralph Mukai and has daughter Lavonne whose children are Lenice and Allen. Myrtle married C.W. Green and had Carmoth, Crieg and Karen. Elizabeth Paulene married Bill Florey and has no children. Roy Earl married Bobolink Schultz who has two sons by a previous marriage.

b. Clifford Bowes married Alice Ann Putman in Washington County, Arkansas and had George Walter who never married and died in a mine accident in Colorado; Clifford Lawrence who married Gladys Irene Krause whose son Cody Lawrence married (first) Linda Rice and has son Chad Landon, and (second) Jeannette Marie White with whom he had Kerri Lee and Cindy Marie Niccum; Cynthia Ann who married (first) Kenneth Farmer, and (second) Ed Speakman and whose children are Suzanne Farmer and Rebecca Lynn Speakman; Lydia Marie who married Lawrence McConnell and has no children; Marsha Jane who married Bobby Green and has Katina Michelle and Darin Craig Green; and Linda Kay who married Tyrone Vinson and has Rance Tyrone Vinson.

John Anderson Niccum married second (my grandmother) Mary Jane Fitzgerald (1881-1954) Washington County, Ark. and their children were:

c. Dewey Jackson Tolbert Niccum (1900-1984), Arkansas, married Mary Wanda Lane (1900-1984), Arkansas, buried in Greenland, Washington County, Arkansas. They had: Edward Earl "Jim" Niccum, 1927, Arkansas — 1933, Oklahoma; Harold Richard Niccum, married Mary Agness Louise Jordan, born in Arkansas, and have daughter Connie Lou who married Anthony Paul Thompson and has son Jeffery Paul Thompson, Jr.; Willie Beatrice Niccum, married Travis Jones and has a son Larry Travis Jones (who married Tootsie Rosetta Hill and has son Larry Travis Jones, Jr.) as well as a daughter Barbara Sue Jones (now married to Robert Benjamin Bateman and they have Angela Dawn and Mark Benjamin Bateman) plus son Gary Max Jones (who married Willba C. Barren and has son Gary Max Jones, Jr.) and son Timothy A. Jones (who never married, was killed in car/train accident in Fort Smith, and is buried in Baptist Ford Cemetery near Greenland, Arkansas); Betty June Niccum married Raymond Kieth Starnes and has son Ronald Kieth who married Kathy Jean Davenport and has children Kristy Rachelle and Jonathan Kieth Starnes.

Twin daughters — Carolyn Gene married Joseph Raymond

Back Row, l. to r., 1. Jesse Abraham Niccum (son of John A.); 2. Cliff Bowes Niccum (son of John A.); 3. Riley Earl Niccum (son of John A.); His wife 4. Mary Miranda Gahagen Niccum; 5. Lula Jane Niccum Osborn (wife of William, daughter of John A.).

Front Row, l. to r., 1. Unknown; 2. Alice Ann Putman Niccum, (wife of Cliff, daughter of W.A.); 3. Unknown; 4. Mary Ethel Fitzgerald Niccum (wife of John Anderson Niccum, daughter of Andrew Jackson Fitzgerald,

Riley and has Roxanne, Collene and Vicky Jo; and Marolyn June who married Daryl Blair and is now married to ? Boehm, and has Christina Jean Blair and Kimberly Boehm. Caralyn is married to Donald England.

d. Lula Jane Niccum married William Osborn, living in Washington County, Arkansas. They had: (1) Arthur Ray Osborn (1920-1921), buried at Mt. Gaylor near Winslow, Arkansas; (2) Mary Maye Osborn who married Cofford E.J. Doss and had Debbie Lorene (who married Jasper Truman McCarver and had Stanley J., Mark Douglas who married Saundra Moon, Artis Ray who married Armanda Gammin, Deanna Lynn and April Ann McCarver), Bonnie Sue (who married Haden Cleo Shepley and had William Dewayne [who married (1) Beverly Bond and (2) Cindy Nell Kendrick and had Megan Marie, Jennifer Jana and Christopher William Shepley] and Gary Lee Shepley [who married Cathy Sue Lackey and have Shawn Lee]; Betty Louise (who married Edward Archie Ralston and had Connie Sue [married Donnie Ray Nelson and had Leann, Allen, and Kimberly Nelson], Ricky Edward [1958-1973, unmarried], Debra Louise [married John Riddling and had Carlisa and David Riddling], Ginger Gay [married Dale ?], Kelly Gene [unmarried], Paul Richard [married Rhon-

da ?], Labreeska May [married Lamonda "Lonnie" Bottoms, daughter Christy Nicole Bottoms], and Jonothan Wayne Ralston, adopted; Billy Richard Doss (who married Carolyn Sue Hill and had Billy Craig, Tony Lynn Doss [who married Shelly Dawn Cline], Candice Sue Doss, and Richard Allen Doss); Burl Edward Doss (who married Shirley Katherine Ralston and had Shane Edward and Shad Austin Doss); Verna Lee Doss (who married Troy Lee Osborn and had Phillip Eugene and Michael Troy Osburn); Roger Dale Doss (who married Barbara Ann Guist and had Jeffery Ray Doss); Donald Ray Doss (who married Rickie Arlene Comer and had Jason Ray and Jeremy George Doss); James Randle Doss (who married Alice Uhl and had Timothy Uhl and Mitzi Dawn Doss); Danny Earl Doss (who married Delane Maidwell and had Tiffany Karen Doss); and Andrew J. (1960-1960) buried with mother at Greenland, Arkansas. Cofford Doss remarried to Lorene Frances Nickles and had Bobby Eugene, William Lee and Roy Don Doss.
(3) Hazel Leanna Osborn married Cleatis Frazier and had Jonathan Lance (1970-1970) and Bryan Wayne Frazier.

Jesse Abraham Niccum married Alta May Anglin 1925, Washington County, Arkansas and had (1) Lester Eugene Niccum, born 1928, died 1929, buried Greenland, Arkansas; (2) Lois Margaret, married William Daniel Conduff and had Arvin Lee Conduff (who married Sherry Catharene Oxford and had Robert William and Richard Wayne Conduff); Patricia Kaye Conduff (who married Kenyon Charles Barren and had Kenyon Charles Barren, Jr., April Dawn, and Tricia Lee Barren); Daniel Wayne (who married first Lena Mae Kilpatrick and second Nancy Youngman and had Juanita Marie Conduff); (3) Bobby Joe married Glenda Lee Nease and had Curtis Bruce and Joe Bob (who married Debbie Ann Ashworth and had Rebecca Ann Boyer, Sabrina Christina and Jesse Joe); (4) Donald Gene Niccum married Audrie Lee Pendley and had Gayla Jean (who married Kerry Michael King and lives in Chicago, Illinois) and Donna Lee (who married Scott McClahana and had Irin Michelle and son Gilbert Eugene who died as an infant); (5) Billy Wayne Niccum who died as an infant and is buried in Baptist Ford Cemetery; (6) Jack Leon Niccum who married Peggy Sue Knight and had Brenda Sue (who married Jeffery David Kline and had Kimberly Sue and Kelly Lynn) and Barbara Lee (who has daughter Jacklyn Lee); (7) Kenneth Richard Niccum who married Linda Lou Gabbard and had Kenneth Michael Niccum (who married Janice Harp) and Sheryl Renee (who married Samuel Franklin Hampton); (8) Dale Edward Niccum, who married Terry Lane Smothers and has Amy Denice and Dale Edward Niccum, II; (9) Jimmy

Dean Niccum, who married Barbara Louise Allen and has Mathew Abraham and Haley Oshea Niccum as well as son Mitchell Anderson, who died at three days.

f. Sarah A. (Aunt Sis) married William Walter Bishop. A daughter Monnie married George McClure and died very young with no children. Sarah's second husband was Joe Bales (Bayles), her third was Mr. Covert.

g. Elizabeth Jane (Babe) married John Louis Miller and had son Riley Arvin Miller who married Margaret Christina Pearson and had: (1) Billye Eugene Miller (who married Harold Raymond A. Armstrong) and had Harold Dean [who married Constance Lee Brobse and had Cynthia Ann and Ricky Dewayne Armstrong]; Billy Joe Armstrong, passed on unmarried; Arthur Lee [who married Linda Kay Sparger and had Tische Lynne and Dustin Lee Armstrong]; Mary Lou Armstrong [who married R.G. Gunn and had no children]. (2) Betty Louise Miller (who married William Gayle Mason and had William Wayne Mason [who married Melanie Marion Snider], Steve Edward Mason, and Kimberly Jean Mason.

ARKANSAS NEWSPAPER PROJECT

The University of Arkansas Libraries has received a grant of $6,072 from the National Endowment for the Humanities to fund the planning phase of a project designed to preserve Arkansas newspapers.

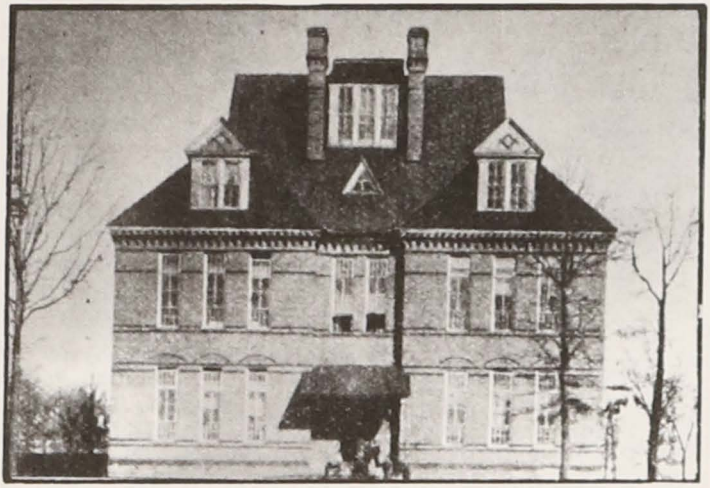
The Arkansas Newspaper Project is part of the U.S. Newspaper Program, a coordinated national effort to identify, to preserve, and to make available to researchers newspapers published in this country from its founding up to the present. To date, twenty-four states and two territories have been or are now involved in planning or implementation activities.

During the planning phase, and with the assistance of libraries, archives, museums, and historical societies located throughout Arkansas, project staff at the University Libraries will collaborate in completing a survey of newspapers found in Arkansas, assess the preservation needs of the state's newspaper holdings, and prepare a plan of work and a budget for the subsequent bibliographic control and preservation microfilming phases.

Shirley Brendel, Head of Collection Development at the University Libraries, who is actively involved in the project, has already compiled a new *Arkansas Union List of Newspapers* showing the combined holdings of the Arkansas History Commission and the University of Arkansas Libraries. The *List* contains over 900 titles, and it will be augmented with the holdings information of additional repositories.

Those interested in learning more about the project may contact Michael Dabrishus, Project Director, Arkansas Newspaper Project, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701, or telephone 1-501-575-5577.

Soft Soap Sometimes Gets You Further Than Grit.



Fayetteville's North School of the 1880's,
site of Washington Elementary School, 1987

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

by Charles M. Wantuck

A picture of the North School in Fayetteville, Arkansas (now called Washington School) appeared in *FLASHBACK* for May 1979. There were cracks in the two-story building and some predicted it would fall down, but it didn't. The grounds were all rocks, and there was no playground equipment.

Thanks to Don Deweese of the Fayetteville administration staff, your editor gained the following information regarding the teachers who taught at Washington School in the years 1913, 1914 and 1915, with Thomas L. Bates as principal:

May 3, 1913 school board minutes:

Miss Lulu Morrow	Mrs. Anna P. King
Mrs. Fanny Wooddy	Miss Huetta Vaulx
Mrs. Fannie Bates	Miss Bess Trent

May 11, 1914 school board minutes:

Miss Lulu Morrow	Miss Huetta Vaulx
Mrs. Fanny Wooddy	Mrs. Anna King
Mrs. Fanny Bates	Miss Martha Jackson
Miss Lucy Boggs	

May 10, 1915 school board minutes:

Miss Lulu Morrow	Miss Lucy Boggs
Mrs. Fanny Wooddy	Miss Huetta Vaulx
Mrs. Fannie Bates	Mrs. Mattie Smith
Mrs. Anna King	Miss Ruth Crozier
Miss Martha Jackson	Miss Willie Kantz
Miss Bessie Sedwick	

After checking with the school board administration office, I find that the names of students by grade or class were not maintained; to determine who composed a certain class, one would have to inquire into the individual student's file. As memory travels back more than seventy years, a flood of names washed over me. I believe those listed below were either in the first, second or third grades in 1913, 1914 or 1915. Memory, of course, is far from perfect. It is quite possible that some of the approximately six-year-olds have been omitted, but names such as Elizabeth Ellis, Herman Tuck, Dick Miller, Cecil Shuford, Lowery Nunnally, et al, were either taught at home, attending Miss Shelton's school, or resided in Fayetteville in 1916 or thereafter. They were pupils in the school at a later date.

Following are the names I recall: Ray Adams, Jack Appleby, J.C. Arkins, Jim Bates, James Baxter, Raymond Beauchamp, Edith Blackmer, Ruth Boggs, Marion Bossemeyer, Blanche Campbell, Helen Cannon, Inez Carlisle, George Caudle, Gladys Cave, Hugh Chambers, Dwight Chaney, Buster Collins, Helen Conner, Lewis Cox, Harry Deason, Zetta Deaver, Doris Drake, Bolling Dunn, Floyd Elliott, Lloyd Elliott, Frank Ellis, Thomas Glenn, Mildred Guisinger, Arlan Hall, Freda Halwee, Helen Hansard, Walter Harris, Bailey Harrison, Fred Hawn, Jack Hawn, Mary Hodges, Henry Hvizdalek, Frances Jackson, Bonnie Johnson, Bessie Lewis, Fay Lewis, Murray Lewis, Henry McCauly, Golden McKinley, Richard Milburn, Victor Moliere, Mary Moore, Helen Oakley, Thelma Parker, Glen Pearson, Virginia Phipps, Opal Poe, Mary Potter, Frances Reynolds, William R. Rogers, Henry Skelton, Sam Stone, Eugene Vickers, Grace Wallace, Charles M. Wantuck, and Vera Wilkinson.

DURHAM CHURCH OF CHRIST RECORDS

by Paul Haynie

According to the 1940-41 WPA Historical Records Church Survey of Arkansas Churches, the Durham Church of Christ was begun in 1888 as a Christian Church, with John H. Robertson as organizer. The Church records show the church being reorganized in 1911 by J.B. Lockhart and reorganized again April 11, 1927, by Hershel Isenhower, becoming a Church of Christ at that time.

The congregation used a community building that was shared by the Baptist and the Holiness. The Church of Christ and Baptist had a Union Sunday School. There was no piano in the building in 1941 according to the WPA record.

Although the Durham Church of Christ was never able to afford a full-time minister, there were those who came and preached when they could. Robert Reed of Delaney came most often. Sherman Davis of Combs and George Dockery of Fayetteville also preached for them on occasions. James C. Ramey is listed in the WPA record as the regular preacher in 1941, but was actually only part-time, as were all the other preachers. Early preachers listed in the WPA record were S.R. Beaman and E. Baker.

The Church of Christ ended regular meetings at Durham soon after 1941.

In 1946, Wilburn and Reba Rogers moved to Durham and tried to restart a Church of Christ congregation, but without much success. They eventually gave up the effort and began attending at Elkins in 1949. There have been occasional Church of Christ meetings held at Durham in the succeeding years but never any regular services.

Church Record Church of Christ Worshiping at Durham Ark.

"We The Deciples of Christ, taking as our Guide the New Testament Scriptures, in all Matters of Faith and Practice and Rejecting (All) Human Written Creeds, was reorganized by Reverand J.B. Lockhart, an ordained Christian Evangelist, and duly set in order Sept. 11, 1911. With the following officers. Elders: Brothers T.A. Goble, M.E. Shackelford, S.P. Carrigan. Deacons: Bro's Archie Cobb, Tom Ritter, Mart Collins, T.A. Ritter. With Archie Cobb, Treas., and S.P. Carrigan, Sec'y.

Reorganized April 11, 1927 by Reverand Isenhower, Christian Evangelist. Elders: Bros. Will Clark, Mart Collins, and Andy Ritter. Deacons: John Clark, Paul Watts, Arthur Ritter and Deaconesses Julia Watts, Ruth Springston, Thelma Jones and Ella Ratliff. Clerk: Maud Hanna.

Name	Date When Joined	How
Annie Barker	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Irene Brink	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
John Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Sarah L. Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Willie Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Archie Cobb	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Nora Cobb	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Cora Collins	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
H.A. Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Wm. Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Ida Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Nora Clark	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
S.J. Carrigan	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Olive Carrigan	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Mart Collins	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Callie Collins	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
		Remarks: from Presbyterian
Julia Collins	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Maude Carrigan	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
S.P. Carrigan	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
		Remarks: from Baptist
Jessee Carter	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
W.K. Clark	July 14, 1912	con. & bapt.
Stella Clark	July 14, 1912	con. & bapt.
Lon Clark	July 14, 1912	con. & bapt.
Lumman Clark	July 14, 1912	con. & bapt.
John Clark	April 11, 1927	

Name	Date When Joined	How
Pearl Clark	April 11, 1927	
Jewel Clark	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Dowell Collins	1928	con. & bapt.
Rema Collins	1928	con. & bapt.
S.O. Carnett	1937	con. & bapt.
Helen Cornett	1937	con. & bapt.
Myra Dean Clark	1937	con. & bapt.
John Collins	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Reuhin Durham	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Mary E. Durham	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Dave Dudley	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Clifton French	1937	con. & bapt.
Floraetta French	1937	con. & bapt.
Cleo French	1937	con. & bapt.
T.A. Goble	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
H.M. Goble	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Thomas Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Clara Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
George Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Liza Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Harvey Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Mary Gabbard	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Bro.----Galbreath	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Sis.----Galbreath	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Ina Graham		
Helen Jarrett	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
F.O. Hanna	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Maud Hanna	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Augie Hanna	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Ada Hanna	1928	con. & bapt.
Lucille Hanna	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
		Remarks: from Methodist
Guy Harris	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Ben Jones	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Ruth Jones	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Eva Jones	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Edd Jones		
Stella Jones		
Thelma Jones	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Victor Jones	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
May McCulley	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
		Remarks: moved away without letter
Mary McKenzie		commendation
Sade Pool	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Janie Pool	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Cal Pool	1928	con. & bapt.

Name	Date When Joined	How
Ella Ratliff	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Vada Ratliff	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
R.H. Ratliff	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
Thomas Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Charles H. Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Zade Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	con. & bapt.
T.A. Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Eva Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Daniel Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Minerva Ritter	Sept. 11, 1911	commendation
Arthur Ritter	April 11, 1927	
Margaret Ritter	April 11, 1927	
Opal Ratliff	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Bernice Ratliff	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Iva Ritter	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Mrs. Tom Ritter		
Mrs. Gladys Robins	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Warren Dale Rosson	1937	con. & bapt.
Preston Rose	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
A.C. Ratliff	Aug. 1939	con. & bapt.
Kieth Rosson	1940	con. & bapt.
M.E. Shackleford	Sept. 1911	commendation
Sarah Shackleford	Sept. 1911	commendation
Ed Shackleford	Sept. 1911	con. & bapt.
Sade Shumate	Sept. 1911	con. & bapt.
Ida Springston	Sept. 1911	commendation
Nancy Stewart	Sept. 1911	commendation
Meldred Shumate	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Kate Springston	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Ruth Springston	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Maud Springston	1927	con. & bapt.
S. Springston	1927	con. & bapt.
Bell Smith	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Abbie Shumate	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Howard Shumate	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.
Lydia Stewart	July 15, 1938	con. & bapt.
George Stewart	July 15, 1938	con. & bapt.
Ida Thompson	Sept. 1911	commendation
Lewis Thompson	July 18, 1938	bapt.
Annie White		
Julia Watts		
Paul Watts	April 11, 1927	con. & bapt.
Ima Williford	July 18, 1938	con. & bapt.

Many Prominent Family Trees are Started by Grafting.

Oh, Daddy, dear one
that you are,
only you would
think of
sharing the
Family's Secret
with
FLASHBACK!

They can
use the
money for
Future
Heritage!

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